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The American Mercury

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OF LABOR

by Will Chasan
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WILL THE COMMUNISTS WIN FRANCE?

Andre Visson

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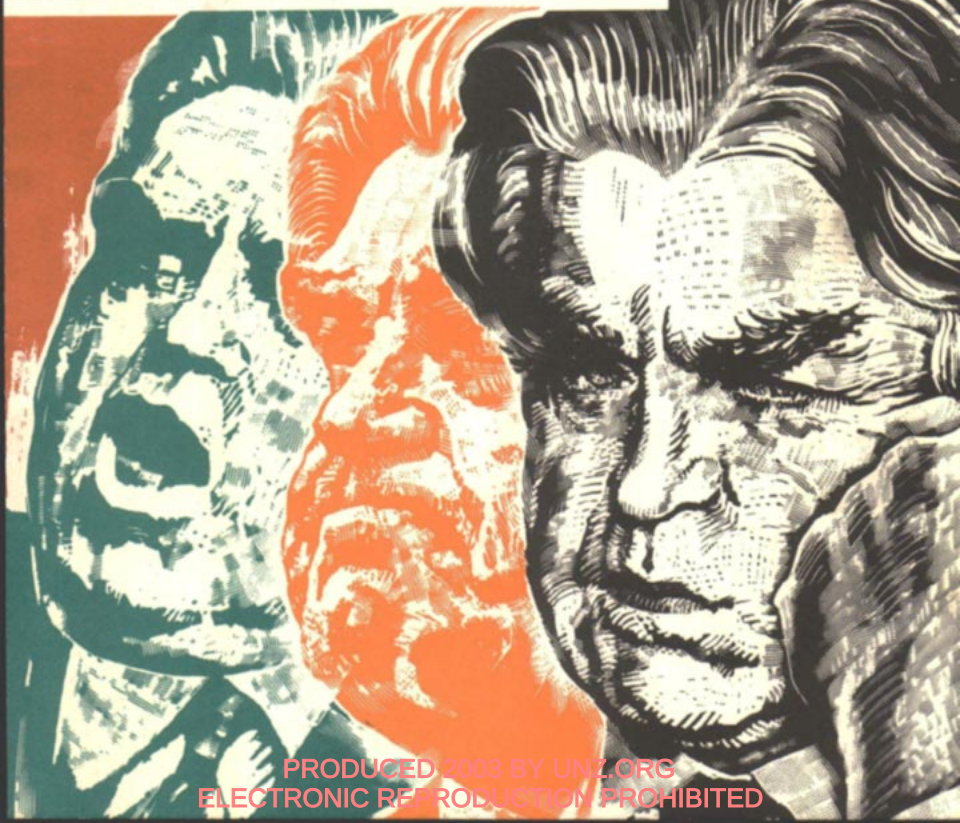
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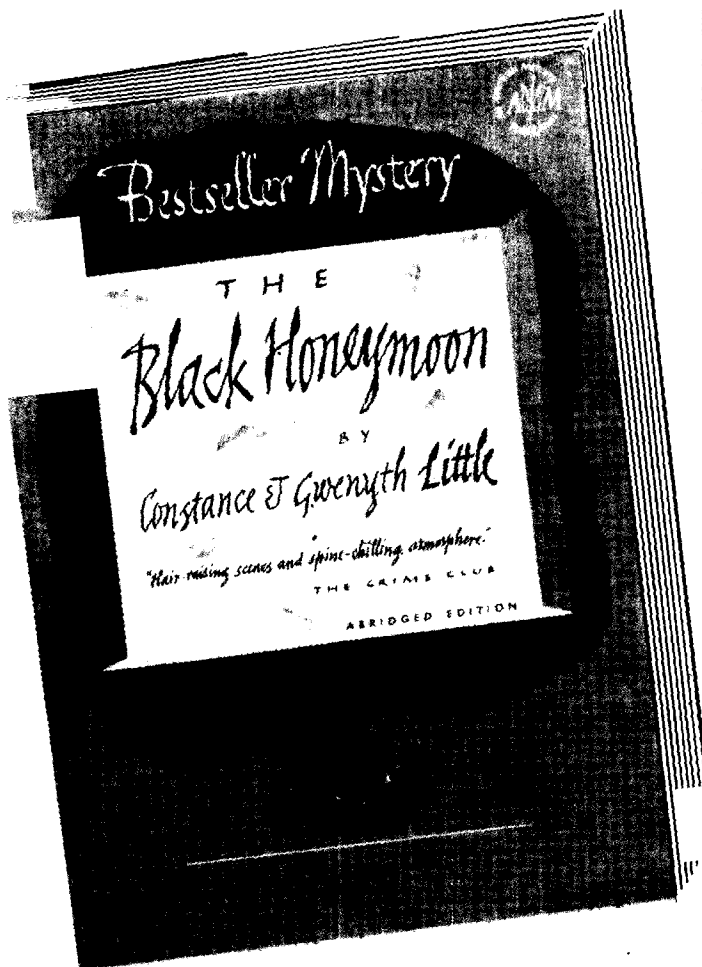
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SHOULD CRITICS BE TEETOTALERS?

George Jean Nathan



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VOLUME LXIV

MAY 1947

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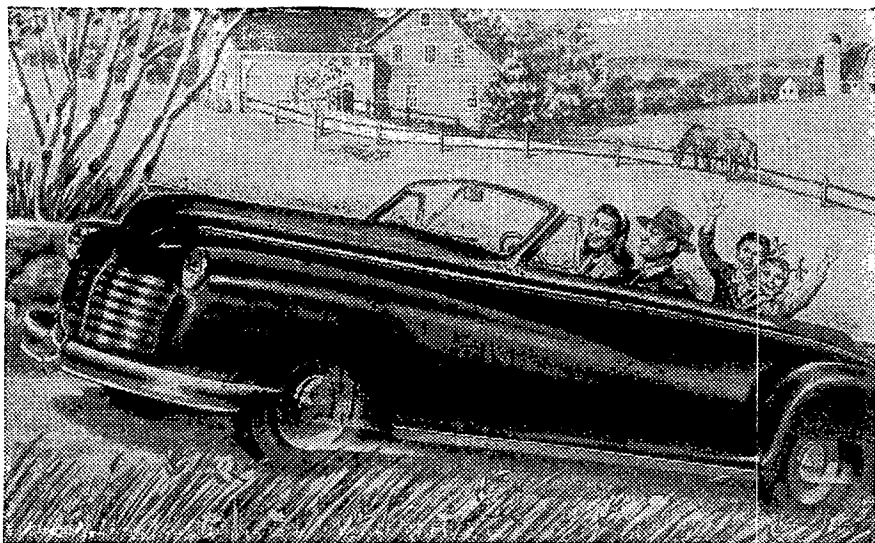
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The American Mercury

WILL THE COMMUNISTS WIN FRANCE?

BY

ANDRE VISSON

THE country most vulnerable to Communism in Western Europe at this moment is France. A Communist France would bring the power of the Soviet Union to the eastern shores of the Atlantic Ocean. A Soviet bomber carrying an atomic bomb or a Soviet rocket missile carrying bacteria could then be based within three thousand miles of New York. One of our most urgent defense problems, therefore, is to prevent a Communist *coup* in France.

There are three questions we must ask: First, how strong is French Communism? Second, why is it so strong? Third, what can the United States do about it?

It is never easy to evaluate accurately the real strength of the Communists in any country. Where they establish themselves in power they distort the political situation by silencing and crushing all opposition. Where they struggle for power they operate for the most part underground. In the United States, where the Communists conceal their Party affiliations, the official Communist organization can be described as a political anthill hardly more than a few inches high. In France, where they work in the open, their organization is a political skyscraper.

The Communists are the largest and best organized party in France.

ANDRE VISSON, author of *The Coming Struggle for Peace*, writes a weekly report on foreign affairs for the *Washington Post* and other papers. He lives in Washington, D. C., where he acts as consultant on international affairs for the *Reader's Digest*.

They have one million strongly disciplined members, 350,000 of whom constitute "fighting units," and they pull an additional four million votes in the elections. They control over five million out of the nineteen million who vote in France; and hold 183 seats out of the 619 in the National Assembly. (The second strongest party, the MRP, holds 162 seats.) They control the all-powerful CGT, the Confederation of Labor Unions. They hold many strategic positions of national importance in the economic, political and social life of France. And in the first constitutional government of the Fourth Republic they obtained five cabinet posts, including the vice-premiership.

All the successes which the Communist Party has scored in France since the Liberation have been achieved within the democratic framework of the French Republic. The French Communists emphasize that they have attained their pre-eminence according to the rules of parliamentary democracy. They hope to make the French people forget that beneath the Communist "skyscraper" in France — as beneath the Communist "anthill" in the United States — the Communist Party has its usual underground ramifications.

The Communist success in France is perhaps the most amazing political development in postwar Europe. The French have always proudly described themselves as the greatest individualists in the world. They have not troubled to conceal their

conviction that they alone know the art of living — *savoir vivre*. They have been critical, not only of collectivism, but also of American mass-production ideas. The Frenchman's ideal has been the reduction of his world to a size that he could master alone, and remain an independent man. The French use the word "little" to describe everything they most enjoy — "little" house, "little" garden, "little" restaurant, "little" theatre; the Frenchwoman speaks of her favorite costume as her "little" dress; and the Frenchman affectionately refers to his mistress as his "little" girlfriend.

The French are accustomed to regard governments — and particularly the police — as inevitable nuisances at best. As children they heartily applaud at Punch and Judy shows when the gendarme is whipped by the rascal Guignol, and as adults they long to see this happen in real life.

How, then, is it possible that more than five million Frenchmen — about 28 per cent of the voters — could be seduced by a political and social ideology that denies civil rights, completely subordinates the individual to the state, and takes its direction from Russia, a country for generations considered by the French as the least civilized place in Europe?

II

There are five keys to the Communist success in France. These may be listed as: the social discontent created by the economic dislocations of two

Wars; the Communist rôle in the Resistance; France's traditional "Mysticism of the Left"; the fear of Germany which continues to obsess Frenchmen; and the financial advantages enjoyed by the Communist Party in France.

France's social equilibrium was badly upset by the economic impact of World War I. Inflation impoverished the traditionally thrifty middle classes. As a country of fine craftsmen and small workshops, France had difficulty adjusting herself to a new economic world dominated by mass production. Discontent led many Frenchmen to vote Communist. In the last prewar elections (May 1936) the Communist Party won seventy-two of the 618 seats in the Lower Chamber, and twenty more deputies could be described as Communist sympathizers.

World War II aggravated the economic and social ills from which France suffered between the two wars and added some new ones. The Communists naturally exploited the social antagonisms which were deepened by the collaboration of some groups under the occupation, and now they are making political capital out of the inflation which followed the Liberation. The black market, which demoralizes those who use it and infuriates those who cannot afford its prices, is a gold mine for Communist propaganda. Communist slogans are attractive to, say, a white-collar worker whose monthly salary cannot buy two pairs of shoes for his chil-

dren; or to a middle-class housewife who returns to a cold home and an empty larder after having seen black-market profiteers enjoying a five-course meal of prewar quality in a nearby restaurant. Women are believed to be even more susceptible than men; out of thirty-three women elected to the National Assembly, twenty-one were on the Communist ticket.

The French Communists capitalized heavily on their participation in the Resistance. Before the war the Communists appeared to the majority of the French people to be advocates of non-French solutions for their national problems. This impression was confirmed when war broke out.

The initial opposition of the French Communists to the war, during the period of the Nazi-Soviet pact, made them national outcasts. They were France's first passive collaborators with the Germans.

But the important part played by the French Communists in the Resistance after Hitler attacked Soviet Russia changed their situation radically. Their underground experience after September 1939 helped them to become, in the winter of 1941-42, the outstanding group of the French Resistance. Many non-Communists joined Communist Resistance units because they were better organized than most of the others, which were amateurish and had to pay a heavy toll in human lives until they mastered the principles of conspiracy.

Finally, in the summer of 1942, General de Gaulle, who had until then refused to include Communists in his French National Council in London, was obliged to alter his stand. At that time the Communists were believed to be numerically the most important group in the French Resistance. However, in 1943, when the sixteen principal Resistance groups in France established the National Council of the Resistance in Paris, the Communists obtained only the vice-presidency and three seats out of sixteen. Their effective force in the Resistance was then estimated to be only about 25 per cent. It is significant that all the elections which were later held in liberated France indicated that the Communist following in the country was approximately in the same proportion, around 25 per cent.

The French Communists continue unceasingly to glorify their martyrs under the occupation while they strive to make the French people forget that their leader, Maurice Thorez, spent most of the war in Russia. The Communists claim that he remained in the French underground until 1943; but at what point he actually left France and how he got to Moscow is likely to remain (as the French themselves are saying) "the biggest French detective story of our century."

No one questions the fact that the French Communists have benefited greatly by what André Siegfried, the keen analyst and historian of French political life, calls the "Mysticism of

the Left," which had its origin in the establishment of the Third Republic in 1871 by the parties of the Center and the Left against the opposition of the royalist Right. It followed that the more a Frenchman was to the Left, the more republican he was supposed to be.

As a result, French political parties tried to "out-Left" each other by adopting misleading party names. Moderate conservatives called themselves "Republicans of the Left," and moderate progressives — for many of whom Roosevelt's New Deal would doubtless have seemed too liberal — called themselves "Radical-Socialists." It was, and is, impossible to "out-Left" the Communists. Although many Socialists and other leftists are skeptical of the leftist character of the Communist Party, it continues as the party of the extreme Left. In a country traditionally tending toward the Left, those who disturbed their "Radical Socialist" fathers by voting Marxist-Socialist are not surprised to see *their* sons in turn beginning to vote Communist.

III

Having been invaded by Germany three times since 1870, the French see in their aggressive German neighbor the main threat to French security and independence. Many of them can, and do, visualize the danger that Soviet domination of Europe would constitute for France. Yet for the majority of the French — who did not experience, as did the Central

and Eastern Europeans, the presence of the Red Army on their soil — the Soviet danger remains an academic proposition, while the German danger is considered to be the real thing.

The overwhelming majority of the French, though they are apprehensive of Soviet expansion in Europe, would not welcome the collapse of Soviet Russia as Europe's greatest military power because they fear that Germany would in that event become once more the leading military and economic power on the Continent. The latest Gallup Poll in France revealed that no more than 10 per cent of the French believe that Germany will become some day a peace-loving democratic nation and that only 3 per cent feel "friendly" toward the German people as a whole. The French Communists, who can only gain by the persistence of this state of mind in France, are doing their best to maintain the fear of Germany.

Since the Liberation the Communists have presented themselves to the people of France as the "great French patriotic party of the extreme Left, working to achieve Social Justice, which three French Republics have been seeking since the French Revolution, but at the same time carrying the historic national banner of France and determined to defend it against any new German aggression." They have ceased to call themselves the party of the class struggle; their label is now "the party of French Security and Rebirth." They

give no hint of any possible curtailment of French civil liberties in the event of their coming to power. They profess to respect not only civil liberties but even private property. True, they advocate the nationalization of all key industries and all important corporations, but so do the Socialists and even the Christian Democrats.

On foreign policy their spokesman on international affairs, Florimond Bonte, declares with a perfect French national accent in *L'Humanité*, official mouthpiece of the Party: "The German problem remains the cornerstone of peace: military and economic disarmament of Germany, internationalization of the Ruhr, economic union between France and the Saar, a special régime for the Rhineland, our right to reparations and Ruhr coal — that is what we must demand if we want to apply a reasonable policy in compliance with the interests of France and the Republic."

Since the program of the French Communist Party does not emphasize the interests of the French working classes, but professes to speak for the people of France and for the Republic, there is no reason why the French people should be afraid of it. The main objective of Communist propaganda in France is to assure the French people that the Communists are "just another French democratic and republican party." Those Frenchmen who remain skeptical because they remember what happened in other countries when the Communists took

over power are reassured by Secretary-General Thorez: "Different countries, different methods." He flatters the French by arguing that Communism in France would be very different from what it is in the undemocratic and "uncivilized" countries of Eastern Europe. But what Thorez obviously means is that in different countries Communism has to achieve the same goal by different methods.

"Different methods," incidentally, are used in a most unscrupulous manner within France itself. *La Terre*, the Communist-sponsored weekly on agricultural problems which is sent free to 250,000 farmers' homes, has several regional editions. Political, social and economic reforms are approached according to regional interests. The reader of the southwestern edition gets the impression that the Communists had nothing to do with the new status for the farmer, of which the winegrowers in the south are very critical. But the peasants of Brittany, who like the new status, learn from *their* regional edition that it was assured mainly by the Communist vote.

The last of the five keys to the Communist success in France is the fact that they have considerably greater financial means at their disposal than all the other French parties combined. In the national elections of November 1946 the Socialists and the MRP each spent about 20,000,000 francs; the Communist expenditures were estimated

by political experts to exceed 200,000,000 francs.

Communist funds come ostensibly from the dues of party members and voluntary contributions. Among the latter, incredible as it may seem, there are checks in seven figures from some of the big industrialists. These men are by no means sympathizers; with a Communist at the head of the Ministry of Reconstruction, they thought that an important contribution to the Communist Party chest might help them to obtain badly needed priorities for the reconstruction of their plants. In the same way some French bourgeois thought that a Communist membership card might help them obtain a new car.

Party funds are also obtained from the Communist deputies and other officeholders in France, cabinet members included, who are required to turn in their salaries to the Party treasury, and draw a monthly allowance of \$85 for living expenses.

In addition, French political experts, including Socialists, believe that the Party has access to funds from abroad. The leaders of the French Communist Party are veterans of political conspiracy, and it is therefore impossible to obtain evidence to substantiate the strong suspicions voiced off-the-record.

IV

The most successful — and visible — Communist infiltration in France took place in the trade unions. Six out of the thirteen directors of the

CGT, which controls about 5,500,000 French workers, are Communists, and several others are sympathizers. Though Communists are in the minority among union members, they have obtained control in most of the member unions.

The labor policy of the Communists was defined by Thorez on his return from Moscow in a talk to the coal miners at Amiens: no strikes, no demands for increased wages, everything sacrificed to the intensified national production upon which the national prosperity depended.

The next most important Communist infiltration took them into the French police force, especially in the big cities. Many armed Resistance groups of the irregular French Liberation Army, which included Communists, were incorporated as units into the police after the liberation. Socialist Ministers of the Interior have tried to eliminate Communists from the police but they admit that they have not been entirely successful.

During the Liberation the Communists also managed to get into various economic departments in the government and thus had the opportunity to place their men at the head of many nationalized industries. According to trustworthy intelligence reports, they succeeded to a certain extent in infiltrating the French Air Force during the period when the minister of air was a Communist.

French experts may argue as to the importance of the camouflaged Communist infiltration, but they can

hardly question the importance of the infiltration that has been taking place in the open. In 1946, under the tripartite government of Communists, Socialists and Christian Democrats, the Communists were entitled to an undersecretary in each ministry headed by a non-Communist. They were thus able to introduce their men officially into many government offices, often making use of personal relations and friendships established between Communist and non-Communist members of many Resistance groups. For instance, MRP's Georges Bidault brought along to the ministry of foreign affairs, as his private secretary, a Communist who had worked with him in the Resistance.

The tactics pursued by the Communists in France indicate that they expect their position to become stronger. Non-Communist Frenchmen generally hold that the Communists are mistaken in their expectations, but there are a few pessimists who believe that "if the Communist Party decides to take over France, they can do it by phone."

The Communists could easily attempt a *coup* by ordering a general strike. But this would probably mean civil war. The non-Communists in France — a majority of over 70 per cent — would hardly submit to a Communist minority without fighting. The Christian Democrats would probably become the center of a "defense of the Republic." There would be terrible confusion and bloodshed. All economic life would be

paralyzed. The police might be divided, or at least blocked, in its efforts to crush a Communist *coup*, but the army could still be counted on. And General de Gaulle would rush out from his provincial retreat to offer himself once more as the Savior of France.

It is most unlikely, therefore, that the French Communists, who are now so strong, and who feel so confident about the future, would take the risk of civil war unless they were sure of success — or were ordered to do so by Moscow. The immediate Communist objectives appear to be the consolidation of their position and the expansion of their influence in France's political, economic and social life without violating democratic procedure too flagrantly. Having recovered their "national dignity" through the Resistance, they are now busy establishing their "political respectability" by participation in the government.

In the United States the Communists camouflage themselves as "progressives." In France they pretend to be more "nationalist" than the Right. It is worth noting that none of the French Communist big-shots has had to Frenchify his name. They are all of unquestionable French stock. To be sure, two of them — Maurice Thorez and André Marty — deserted the French army, and practically all of them take orders from Moscow; but their names, their faces and their accents are as completely French as the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

v

Why do so many of the non-Communist French refuse to believe in the imminence of a Communist threat? Why do they say that the fear of French Communism is greater outside of France than in their own country?

The basis for this optimism is the belief that while the Communist bigwigs, acting on orders from Moscow, have ceased to be Frenchmen, the four million non-Party members who voted Communist, plus, perhaps, even a certain portion of the million registered Communists, are misguided, but fundamentally honest and patriotic, Frenchmen. The day will come, the optimists believe, when the misguided French will discover that the allegedly national program of the French Communist Party is in actual conflict with the national interests of France. They will realize that the Communist leaders have only been masquerading as patriotic Frenchmen. They will then abandon the Party.

The French expect that even some of the leaders will desert the Party at the first signs of danger. During the last few decades the French have seen many once-revolutionary leaders become respectable, and even conservative bourgeois, or sink to making the vilest compromises in order to achieve and hold political power. Georges Clemenceau, their great nationalist leader in World War I, started his political career on the ex-

treme Left. Alexander Millerand, a fiery Marxist in his youth, was elected to the presidency by the ultra-conservative Right. Pierre Laval, who was shot for collaboration with Hitler, was a left-wing Socialist in his younger days. And one of the prewar Communist leaders, Jacques Doriot, turned pro-Nazi.

In short, the optimistic French expect both the best and the worst elements of the French Communist Party — the patriotic idealists and the corrupt opportunists — to abandon the Party the day it loses the prestige it now enjoys. They believe that this day will be greatly speeded up if they are able to eliminate the reasons for the present discontent in their country, and if the people of France realize that the German danger is definitely past. That is why they are looking so anxiously to the United States for immediate and enlightened assistance. They recognize that they have to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. But they know that they cannot solve their economic and financial problems, or the vital problem of their external security, without the assistance and continuing interest of the United States.

Frenchmen are more obsessed by a feeling of insecurity than by their need for economic rehabilitation. We can allay this French fear by giving them proof of our determination to check both further Soviet expansion and any possible resurgence of German military and economic power.

We took the proper road when we suggested a Big Four long-term military alliance against any potential German danger. But we must go further. We must declare unequivocally our determination to keep our occupation forces in Germany as long as even *one* member of the Big Four believes it necessary to do so for Europe's security.

The French feel that as long as Germany possesses the Ruhr, she will remain a very dangerous neighbor. Only if deprived of the Ruhr coal mines and steel works will Germany be unable to wage war. We should therefore favor permanent international control of the Ruhr, and see that Germany is allocated only the coal she needs for a peacetime economy. The French would be reassured if they had a share in the control of the Ruhr and if they received from that area all the coal they so badly need for their own economic rehabilitation.

Such a policy, combined with intelligently planned American credits, indispensable to French rehabilitation, would strengthen the democratic forces in France and thus provide the best American dam against the Communist tide in Western Europe. Let us not forget that the French Communists call themselves the party of "French Security and Rebirth." The day we convince the French that we are ready to assure their security and assist in the rebirth of their country, we will have robbed the French Communists of their main political and social attractions.

LEWIS: ROBBER BARON OF LABOR

BY WILL CHASAN

WHAT makes me tick? Is it power I'm after, or am I a Saint Francis in disguise, or what?"

John Llewellyn Lewis, president and undisputed boss of the United Mine Workers and this country's supreme hell-raiser, put that question once, in his heavy sardonic voice, to some of his lieutenants. It is not likely that he was in doubt about the answer. Labor has produced most of the country's recognizable types among its leaders — from the inspired evangelist in Eugene Victor Debs to the eager junior executive in Walter Reuther. Lewis, the man of massive ambitions and elaborate nineteenth century epithets, is its robber baron.

In the twenty-seven years since he maneuvered himself into control of the miners' union after a predecessor drank his way into retirement, Lewis, the labor leader, has pursued power and "bigness" in the form of a labor empire as unrelentingly as Jay Gould, the financier, pursued it in railroads — and with the same arrested sense of social responsibility. The four war-time coal strikes, which threatened the disruption of arms production, were typical Lewis gestures of disdain

for public interest and opinion, and completely in the robber baron tradition. Lewis has been happy to serve the public interest when it has coincided with his own, but never, except under duress, has he deferred to it. It took a government injunction and fines of \$3,510,000 to induce him to call off the coal strike last winter, which for a while crippled the country's entire reconversion program. Lewis' lack of interest in matters extraneous to his own affairs is monumental. Will Lawther, president of the British Miners' Federation, who visited Lewis in Washington some years ago, remarked later that he had been shocked by his "ignorance of and indifference to" events in Europe, but that nothing more could be expected of a man whose "whole life has been given up to power politics."

Lewis, of course, has never pretended to hold anything resembling a labor philosophy. His insight into economic affairs is limited, but such economic views as he has are seldom at variance with the clichés of the National Association of Manufacturers. Ironically, the United States' most widely and violently disliked

WILL CHASAN, a former editor of *Common Sense* and a contributor to many national magazines, wrote the profile of Philip Murray which appeared in the February 1947 *MERCURY*.

labor leader — its favorite “bad man symbol,” according to a *Fortune* wartime poll — is a rugged individualist. As far back as the 1920s, Lewis was deriding planners as “scientific supermen,” and his attacks on the OPA and its “anti-inflation theorists” last year were scathing. Politically, except for the brief period of his honeymoon with Roosevelt, he has always been a Hoover Republican. His support of Wendell Willkie in 1940, which threw New Dealers into such a dither, had its precedent in his support of Calvin Coolidge in 1924, when many labor and liberal groups backed “Fighting Bob” LaFollette. People who cannot understand why Lewis favors in politics the “representatives of the Wall Street moguls whom he fights on the labor front” miss the point, among others, that the “moguls” are about the only people with whom Lewis feels any sense of identity. They represent power, the only thing that he respects. He enjoys moving in their society, and he has praised such men as Myron Taylor of United States Steel with a good deal more ardor than he has ever lavished on a fellow labor leader.

Lewis’ opinions of most labor leaders are generally couched in terms of condescension, and usually they are contemptuous. He has accused Philip Murray and William Green of “cringing toadyism,” labeled R. J. Thomas, appropriately, a “dunderhead blubbermouth,” and dismissed Joseph Curran, Michael Quill and most of the other CIO leaders as “second-

raters.” He once remarked, in explaining the late Sidney Hillman’s access to the White House, that Roosevelt regarded Hillman as an “ill-favored thing but mine own.” While he was president of the CIO, Lewis seldom bothered to consult with other CIO officials in formulating policy. He regarded it as his private domain, and his associates, awed by his arrogance — one of them described him as “behaving as though he were an act of God”—and by his authentic gift for grand strategy, conducted themselves with the obsequiousness of defaulting debtors in the presence of a banker.

II

In the UMW, Lewis has always been a thoroughgoing despot. His attitude toward trade union democracy is that of a pious person toward sin; he knows of its existence, but he has consistently refused to traffic with it. From time to time he is obliged to deny this “for the record,” but his denials are always perfunctory, and often he makes it obvious that he doesn’t intend them to be taken seriously. For example, during his appearance before the Senate Labor Committee in March, its chairman, Senator Taft, charged that Lewis alone decided UMW policy. Lewis smiled and, in a tone of mock dismay, replied, “I don’t know why you make such an inaccurate statement, Mr. Senator.”

The UMW has thirty district organizations, and twenty of these are run by “provisional” officers

whom Lewis appoints — a situation that he blandly justified some time back on the grounds that the “mere fact that a man is elected to office under our form of representation does not make him any more pure in his mind or capable in his judgment or efficient in his administration or honorable in his character than if he was elected by the International executive board or the president of the International Union.”

He thinks of the UMW less as a labor union than as a labor corporation, and he feels that as long as it pays dividends its member-stockholders ought to be satisfied and silent. “For an investment of \$12 a year,” he once pointed out to Louis Stark, the *New York Times* labor reporter, “the miner gets a dividend that is higher than he could get anywhere else.” The first law of survival in the UMW, as in any Lewis enterprise, is obedience to the boss, and its hierarchy consists of a rather sorry lot of sycophants. “I expect anyone who takes my money to be loyal to me,” Lewis declared a while back. When Roosevelt made his celebrated “plague on both your houses” speech, Lewis felt betrayed; he had given a half-million dollars out of the CIO treasury to the Democratic campaign fund in 1936, and his remarks on the occasion suggested that he had expected Roosevelt to act with the subservience of any other hireling.

The notion that all loyalty has a cash nexus has led Lewis into most of

his major errors. He was plainly astonished when Philip Murray, after twenty-odd years on the UMW payroll, refused to follow him out of the CIO. But this was a minor upset compared with his surprise when the CIO’s pro-Communist bloc deserted both him and his isolationist views in the summer of 1941, after Russia had become involved in the war. “They turned on the hand that fed them,” he is reported to have said, as much in bewilderment as in anger. The idea that people could value ideologies, even bad ones, more than jobs apparently hadn’t occurred to him. Prior to the break, when David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, warned him against working with the Communists, Lewis replied smugly, “Who gets the bird — the hunter or the dog?” When it turned out that the Communists had succeeded in using him, rather than the reverse, Dubinsky asked, “Well, John, who got the bird?” Lewis admitted ruefully that he had been mistaken — the only time on record that he has ever done so.

III

Lewis’ near-megalomania, which he has never bothered to dissemble, has sometimes led people to suspect him of fascist inclinations. These suspicions are given a surface validity by the apparently anti-Semitic, anti-British and anti-intellectual tone of his *United Mine Workers’ Journal*; his obvious fondness for demagoguery (the

late Huey Long once called Lewis "the Huey Long of labor" and predicted that there would be "hell to pay" when he got going); and such incidents as his evening with a Soviet ambassador some years ago when he showed what James Wechsler, one of his biographers, called a "morbid fascination for the mechanics of dictatorship." Lewis has no confidants and it would probably take a good psychiatrist three or four years to discover exactly what is in his mind, but the odds are that his prejudices, though unfortunate, are no more sinister than anyone else's, and that his questioning of the Soviet ambassador merely reflected the professional curiosity of one big boss about another.

"He who tooteth not his own horn, the same shall not be tooted," Lewis is fond of saying. Judging by the stories of his youth in Lucas, Iowa, where he was born in 1880, Lewis began very early to act like an entire wind section. According to one sympathetic account, he "made public addresses whenever anyone would listen," "liked to wag impressively the leonine head with its unruly shock of red-brown hair," and "dramatized himself, puckering his thick and bristly brows, pouting his full lips, jutting his jaw forward belligerently." He became a miner at seventeen, drifted westward to Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, then back to Lucas to marry Myrta Edith Bell, an attractive and gentle schoolteacher who had introduced him to the Bible and Shakespeare, whom Lewis has

possibly done more to popularize in this country than Margaret Webster.

In 1909 Lewis moved to Panama, Illinois, where he began his career as a mine union leader by being elected president of Panama's UMW local. A few months later he persuaded the UMW to appoint him as its representative to the state legislature at Springfield, where he is said to have shaken the furniture with his bombast. At any rate, it was noisy enough to engage the attention of Samuel Gompers, who made Lewis an AFL field representative. Lewis' rise from that point, though unspectacular, was steady. In 1916, he was named to the UMW's Interstate Scale Committee. At about the same time the UMW administration machine, attracted by Lewis' ruthlessness, which had already earned him the interesting sobriquet of "Ironjaw," began to use him to control meetings at which its critics, mainly Socialists and Progressives, were disagreeably articulate. Three years later UMW president Frank Hayes, a genial tippler, made Lewis his first vice-president. Lewis quickly took over Hayes' functions and, in 1920, his job.

It was not long before the UMW began to feel the impact of Lewis' battering-ram personality. The union had been a fairly democratic organization. It had progressive traditions, and the UMW *Journal* frequently printed lively discussions of old-time socialism and similar issues. Under Lewis' egis, the *Journal* became a dull and adulatory personal organ, and

what a delegate to one UMW convention called as "flabby a piece of literature as is put out on the American continent." However, this was of slight consequence compared to other things that began to happen. A year after he became president, Lewis quelled a rebellion against his policies in the Kansas district of the UMW by the simple expedient of revoking the charters of eighty-three locals and expelling 2500 members.

IV

There was widespread discontent in the UMW all through the 1920s. The severe postwar depression, which had hit the miners concurrently with Lewis, created mass unemployment and forced down wages. Lewis, like a coal-belt King Canute, shouted, "No Step Backward" during negotiations with the mine operators, but he made no strenuous efforts to enforce contracts once they were signed, or to prevent more and more mines from slipping back into non-union status. At one point, as a kind of retrenchment move, he completely abandoned 100,000 UMW members in the Pennsylvania fields. John Brophy, a leader of the Lewis opposition, wanted the UMW to urge nationalization of the coal industry as a cure for its ills, but Lewis was all for allowing "natural economic laws free play," and scoffed at talk of "sure cures by politicians and economic quacks."

He allows no "free play" in the UMW, however. During one convention at which his critics were partic-

ularly vociferous, he roared, "May the chair state that you may shout until you meet each other in hell and he will not change his ruling." In 1926, Brophy ran against Lewis for the UMW presidency — the last real election the union has had — but the Lewis machine defeated him by brazenly stuffing ballot boxes. A breakdown of the election returns showed that in some districts every enrolled miner was recorded as having voted for Lewis, though it was known that not all of them had voted and that many of those who had were Brophy adherents. Brophy accused Lewis of "gross irregularities, self-evident frauds and vote stealing." However, his appeals for an investigation were ignored. District after district rebelled against Lewis, but he calmly reorganized them, usually expelling their dissident leaders as "agents of the Kremlin" or "dual unionists," and retained control. Journalists who now write mystically of Lewis as being "*en rapport* with the miners" overlook the fact that he was a hated figure in the coal fields until well into the 1930s, and that there were mining communities into which he never ventured without armed bodyguards.

The New Deal altered matters considerably in his favor. While most other labor leaders were still wondering how the NRA's celebrated section 7-A would be interpreted, Lewis staged a brilliantly aggressive drive through the coal fields. He "made a noise like the whole labor movement,"

Fortune reported. The UMW's membership, which fell from 500,000 in 1920 to less than 150,000 in 1932, was back up to 400,000 by 1934; its members were working under new contracts that had given them fifty-cents-a-day increases; and their boss—whose autocratic powers they were now less disposed to dispute—flushed with triumph, was in a mood for expansion.

v

Lewis was the last man his critics, who included nearly every vocal socialist, Communist and liberal in the country, expected to lead the CIO revolt against the AFL's ruling craft-union clique. After their first stunned moments, when he did, they began to talk happily of his "conversion." One left-wing journalist described him as a "Labor Samson" who had been smitten by the light of industrial democracy. The AFL's leaders denounced Lewis for his apostasy, but they were less surprised, and they had fewer illusions. They remembered that he had tried to capture control of the AFL once before, with the backing of William Randolph Hearst, and they saw in his espousal of the industrial union cause merely another bid for power. It is now almost forgotten that the CIO began life as a *committee*, whose primary purpose was to force the AFL's executive council to charter new industrial unions. With the votes of the "NRA babies" in his pocket, Lewis could have dominated the Federation, which

was the limit of his original ambition. He set up the CIO as an independent federation, much to the dismay of some of its original sponsors, only after the members of the AFL's executive council rose to the defense of what they regarded as *their* proprietary interests in labor by suspending the CIO organizations. "I would rather see the labor movement go under and myself in hell than see John L. Lewis get away with it," one of them declaimed.

Lewis' responses to questions about his presumed metamorphosis from a "soulless reactionary" to a "crusader" suggested that he was a little puzzled by the notion that a man who was in the business of collecting unions (as other men collect railroads) had to undergo a change in philosophy simply because he had made a killing.

His exchange with Harold Laski, the British Labour party leader and political scientist, was typical. Laski approached him one evening at a Washington dinner party and declared: "Mr. Lewis, for twenty years I've been teaching my students that you represent the old, hopeless type of American labor leader, the corrupt racketeer who thinks only of his own power and lacks any progressive social vision. Now I have come back to America and my friends tell me that you are the new Messiah. Was I wrong all those years? Or have you changed?" Lewis spent thirty minutes talking of his childhood and various other matters, but he studiously avoided an answer. The meaning of

Lewis' evasion doubtless did not escape Laski's attention.

The fact that for Lewis the CIO represented empire and the excitement of a "big operation" did not detract from his contributions to it.

In pursuing his own line, Lewis probably did more, in the long run, for labor during the formative years of the CIO than Debs and the host of lesser idealists, whose services to labor have been heroically selfless but almost always ineffectual. He decided the strategy, furnished funds liberally out of the UMW's treasury, and his personality, as one of his biographers points out, "imparted to the movement much of its emotional fire and grandeur." A more caustic writer declared not long ago that Lewis had "what Mencken referred to as William Jennings Bryan's trick of inflaming half-wits," but there isn't any doubt that he provided the drive without which the CIO's victories in United States Steel and General Motors would have been extremely improbable.

Much of Lewis' effectiveness as president of the CIO derived, of course, from his complete imperiousness to such considerations as law and public opinion. If the furor over the CIO's sit-down strikes disturbed him, he gave no sign of it. "The CIO stands for punctilious observance of contracts," he remarked at one point, "but we are not losing any sleep about strikes where employers refuse to recognize the well-defined principles of col-

lective bargaining. A CIO contract is adequate protection for any employer against sit-downs, lie-downs, or any other kind of strike." When William Green, on behalf of the AFL, denounced the use of sit-downs, Lewis, borrowing a line from Hamlet, replied: "He again sells his own breed down the river. He 'bends the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning.'"

VI

If there was any question about the casualness of Lewis' interest in the CIO as a vehicle for industrial democracy, he cleared it up with a resounding bang when it refused to support him in his feud against Roosevelt. He immediately drummed CIO president Philip Murray out of the miners' union, and launched his famous District 50, with a jurisdiction extending from steel mills to tugboats, to raid the CIO's flanks. District 50 has been ridiculed as Lewis' "three million dollar flop," but it is reported to have 250,000 members, and some CIO officials in the steel and auto industries, where it has been active, are frankly apprehensive about it. Much of Lewis' wartime militancy, which won only negligible gains for the miners, was intended mainly to embarrass the CIO officials who were caught between a restive membership and a no-strike pledge.

Lewis' irresponsibility during and immediately before the war had other facets. The *United Mine Workers'*

Journal repeated all the virulent anti-Administration and anti-Allies gossip carried by the Hearst and McCormick papers, and it invented some of its own. In one issue it reported that millions of American children might become cripples because of a shoe shortage attributable to the "shipping of so much leather to Russia." Lewis himself was involved with the late William Rhodes Davis, the international financier who paid for his pro-Willkie broadcast in 1940, in a shady deal to provide Mexican oil for the Nazi war machine; and subsequently, it appears from the available evidence, he took some part in an intrigue for a negotiated peace with Hitler. CIO officials who know of these episodes, which were revealed in part last year, would enjoy using them in their counter-war against Lewis, but they are inhibited by the fact that some of the CIO's prominent pro-Communists, who were in the Lewis camp at the time, are tangled up in them.

Lewis is now sixty-seven, old enough for retirement, but he has boasted that he comes from a "long line of stalwart progenitors who bequeathed [him] with a rugged constitution," and there are no indications that either he or his ambitions are running down. There are persistent rumors that this fall he will succeed William Green as president of the AFL. He dominated the last meeting of the AFL's executive

council, in Miami, and was behind its invitation to the CIO to reopen unity negotiations. This move had Lewis' Machiavellian touch. The CIO's dues-paying membership has declined to approximately 3,000,000, and the AFL, with about twice that number, could easily swallow it.

Lewis' election to the AFL presidency would surprise no one. Many of the AFL's craft-union leaders still recall with some bitterness his attacks on them during his CIO period, but they recognize his effectiveness as a spokesman, and they would also like to exploit his capacity for bedeviling the CIO. It is worth noting that, while many labor people dislike Lewis intensely, few of them dispute his stature. Many CIO officials, even now, admit privately that Lewis is the only authentic leader their organization has had, and that, if it were possible, they would welcome him back. This is a tribute to Lewis' effectiveness as a labor leader, but it reflects little credit on organized labor. Lewis' whole career has been a denial of the democratic principles for which labor ostensibly stands, and its willingness to accept him suggests a basic lack of candor. Lewis, as the Manchester *Guardian* observed not long ago, "fits perfectly into the anarchism of American free enterprise . . . as it used to be understood." But perhaps labor's objection to robber barons holds only for those who are aligned against it.



POLAND TWO YEARS AFTER YALTA

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

AUTOCRACY's divine right to govern has been replaced in our generation by a crude piece of chicanery: the popular mandate contrived and extorted by the police state through a totalitarian "election." Whether under Hitler yesterday or under Stalin today, this burlesque of democracy is outwardly peaceable and sometimes even has about it a touch of holiday.

In Poland, where the procedure is not yet practiced and routine, there was a margin of confusion; there were incidents. Future "elections," we may be sure, will be smoother. But even in Poland it seemed more orderly than a hotly contested election in, let us say, Chicago or Jersey City. The special correspondent of the New York tabloid *PM*, Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, was reporting truthfully if naively when he cabled that he saw no evidence of coercion or terror.

Had the coercion and the terror been visible to the naked eye, neither Mr. Ingersoll nor I nor the other American observers who arrived in Warsaw just before the January 19 elections would have been permitted — and indeed invited — to make the

long journey. What we witnessed was the end-product of a process begun two years before.

At Yalta "free and unfettered elections" had been pledged to the people of Poland. If words have any meaning, that required full and equal freedom for all parties to campaign on all issues. It required a scrupulous denial of special advantage to favored parties and the avoidance of intimidation of voters or opposition organizers.

By these tests what took place on January 19 was not an election but a police-made plebiscite, as I shall show later. It presents the signatories of the Yalta compact — Great Britain, the United States and Soviet Russia — with an issue that cannot be bypassed if respect for international agreements is to be maintained.

If such respect is not maintained, there remains no hope whatever for the creation of a climate of confidence between East and West. With the Yalta compromise on Poland torn to shreds, what faith can anyone place in Big Power commitments on atom-bomb control or any other critical international problems?

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The elections pledge, let it be recalled, was not simply one in a series of provisions. It was the very heart of the Polish compromise. Its violation does not merely destroy a segment of the Yalta Agreement on Poland: it invalidates the whole settlement. With that clause broken, nothing that the Provisional Government did before January 19 or does after that date has any claim to international acceptance and legality.

The Yalta compromise on Poland was an attempt to rescue the Polish people and nation from an already accomplished *coup de force*. It can be understood only in the framework of events which the war leaders meeting in the Crimea sought to mitigate *post facto*.

Poland before the war had many parties. The four most powerful joined in a wartime National Coalition which was represented and united in the underground resistance to the Germans and in an underground parliament. These undergrounds were in intimate continuous contact, and in complete accord, with their government-in-exile in London.

The four parties were the National Democrats at the extreme Right, reactionary but bitterly anti-German; the Christian Democrats who carried on the tradition of Paderewski and Hal-ler; the Social Democrats, largest and most potent instrument of the workers; and the Peasant party, headed by Stanislaw Mikolajczyk. The Polish Communist Party was miniscule. Before the war it had not commanded

more than 2 per cent of the votes. It had never even been much respected or trusted in Moscow and at one time it was dissolved by the Comintern.

When the Germans and a few days later the Russians invaded Poland and partitioned it between them, Polish Communists joined and welcomed the Russians. Until Hitler attacked the USSR twenty-one months later, there was no difference between Germany and Russia on the Polish problem. On the contrary, there is a record of their intention to maintain the partition permanently and of mutual satisfaction at the exit from history, in Molotov's words, of "that ugly offspring of the Versailles Treaty."

When Germany turned on Russia, General Sikorski, representing the exiled Polish government and the Polish army and underground, went to Moscow and there negotiated a pact with Stalin. It provided for the amnestying of 1,500,000 Poles, civilian and military, who had been arrested and deported to Soviet penal camps, and for the formation of a new Polish army on Russian soil. General Anders was released from long solitary confinement in a Soviet prison to lead that army.

Endless obstacles to the organization and equipment of this army were raised by the Kremlin. The attempt to find the cadres of 12,000 Polish officers admittedly taken prisoner by the Russians proved futile; they had simply disappeared. After long delay, Anders and his troops, with Russian

consent, left the USSR to be equipped and armed by the Western Allies in Africa.

II

Meanwhile, however, the Polish Communists had formed a separate legion under General Berling and were equipped by Russia to fight with the Red Army. Thus it came about, in line with Moscow's obvious design, that the Soviet-made legion and its various civilian extensions were the first to enter Poland in the German rout. Berling himself, who wished to enter and relieve Warsaw, which had risen under General Bor, was relieved of his command and returned to Moscow. According to Warsaw news reports, he was repatriated only after the last elections. In Lublin, the Communist contingents set up a government in competition with the London régime and the underground inside the country.

This was a *coup d'état* of the most blatant sort, pulled off by the Russians in contempt of their Western Allies. The Soviets used the first convenient opportunity to break off relations with the London government. The excuse was a request by the London group for an International Red Cross inquiry into the murder of the missing Polish officers.

Because the Germans discovered the corpses and accused the Russians of the atrocity, the Allied world quickly accepted the Soviet claim that the Nazis themselves had committed the crime. Nevertheless, this

most monstrous of all the purely military atrocities was *not* charged against the Germans at Nuremberg. Not only did the Russian prosecutors fail to mention this charge but they headed off every attempt by others to inject the gruesome subject.

The Yalta conference in February 1945 had to deal with two Polish governments, one recognized only by Moscow. Which of them would be accepted as the nucleus for a provisional régime? This was the crucial question. When the Big Three announced their agreement to widen the base of the government at Lublin, it meant, as we now can see, a total victory for Russia. It was, in the best case, a repudiation of the London government and of its loyal underground inside Poland. The "widening of base" was to be achieved by the inclusion of all "democratic" parties as a prelude for the free and unfettered elections to be held as soon as possible.

Four months later the Red Army in Poland — not the Lublin government — arrested the sixteen most prominent leaders of the underground army and parliament and deported them to Russia. When this became known at the time of the San Francisco Conference, the high-handed Soviet act nearly wrecked the meeting. Our leaders, however, preferred to save the conference rather than international morality. Harry Hopkins went to Moscow and patched things up simply by accepting another Soviet *fait accompli*. The Lublin crowd was now in complete control.

Polish parties in the "democratic" category meanwhile were narrowed down by the refusal of the National Democrats and Christian Democrats to accept the made-in-Russia régime as a "basis" of anything. The régime itself welcomed as "democratic" all individuals and parties accepting its authority, regardless of their past record.

The actual Lublin coalition, until Mikolajczyk and his Polish Peasant party entered into it, had a Communist base, the left wing of the Social Democrats and some smaller peasant and Catholic splinter groups. Mikolajczyk entered under Anglo-American pressure in the illusory belief that the coalition would thus be made more representative and that, with the support of President Roosevelt, he could prevent decisive settlement of frontier and other problems until a truly representative government had been formed. He learned soon enough that he was mistaken in both respects, and that he had been let down in advance by Churchill and Roosevelt.

The "bloc" set up as a "provisional" régime represented not Poland but Russia. The Communists (rechristened the Polish Workers party) held the decisive positions. The most important post, that of security or internal police, was given to a Communist, M. Radkiewicz, who proceeded to organize and expand it with the help of NKVD experts from Moscow.

The question of authority lies at the basis of all government. A régime with wide popular support may never-

theless, like the Nazi, be a police state. But a government without roots in popular support or national tradition *must* be a police state or fall. The Communist-dominated régime in Warsaw knew this. It organized the police to maintain itself in power.

The UB, as the internal police organization is called, is organized on the familiar Gestapo and NKVD lines. It has its bureaucratic secret intelligence, its uniformed guards, its special political branch and its civilian militia, called into play only during "emergencies." Its special branches, civilian agents and armed janissaries exist — exactly as the Gestapo and the SS under Hitler — not to protect the people but to protect the rulers from the people.

This is the most important thing to bear in mind in appraising the comi-tragedy of January 19. No free elections have ever been held, or ever can be held, in a police state. All such "elections" are, in the nature of the situation, prearranged plebiscites to confirm the existing régime in power.

At a private luncheon I talked with Victor Grosz, one of the government spokesmen. I remarked that I was not unaccustomed to the modern plebiscite called to give a semblance of sanction to a *de facto* situation, and recalled my experience of the German election of 1934 which made Hitler president by a 99 per cent majority. Mr. Grosz, looking me straight in the eye, said smilingly: "That was a fair election. The German people got what they wanted." When I asked

whether I could say that the Polish elections were as fair as Hitler's, he laughed.

The weakness of the Yalta Agreement (assuming that its authors were sincere) was in its assumption that a free and unfettered election *could* be held in Poland if the existing régime were allowed to conduct it.

A sort of test of the assumption was made in June 1945. Certain questions were submitted to the electorate for a vote. Mikolajczyk and his Peasant party went into opposition on one of these questions. The government used all its resources to hamper the opposition, but it felt so sure of itself that it started to allow a fair count of returns. The earliest tallies, from Warsaw and Cracow, showed that it was going to lose — the vote ran 85 to 15 against the government on the critical question. Thereupon the ballot boxes were removed to "security" and the final count showed 85 to 15 in *favor* of the government.

After that the mass of Poles could cherish no more illusions that it mattered how they voted. They knew that the returns would be the same.

III

The results of the national election were determined not on January 19 but in the preceding months and by methods such as the following:

The régime and its police undermined the opposition organization by wholesale arrests. In the month preceding the election, virtually all

PSL (Polish Peasant party) leaders except the provincial chairmen were arrested, one of them as many as fourteen times. The victims included opposition candidates, district organizers, signatories to local electoral petitions: a total of 80- to 100,000. Although not many were held for more than a few days, it served the purpose of disorganizing and intimidating the opposition party.

Rules governing the filing of lists were repeatedly changed at the last moment. The official "bloc" organizers were informed in time, the opposition was not.

The electoral law carefully gerrymandered the country. The new territories, where the government directly controls the lives and fortunes of every inhabitant, for instance, were granted three times as much representation per unit as the rest of Poland.

The police took into custody persons bringing in lists for last-minute filing, and officials absented themselves from their desks so that lists could not be filed in time. Survey of the district register of voters was closed to the opposition, open to the government parties.

All signers of opposition lists were canvassed by the police and threatened with arrest unless they withdrew their names. That so many Poles risked giving their names and refused to withdraw is a minor miracle.

Voters were stricken from the election lists on the "legal" ground of cooperation with the new under-

ground or collaboration with the Germans. The police were judge and jury in establishing guilt. An independent socialist, M. Zulawsky, was crossed out, though his "collaboration" must have occurred during the three-and-a-half years he spent in Nazi concentration camps.

A last-minute decision was announced that all watchers at the polls must hold "certificates of character" from the local county governor — an appointee of the régime. At six thousand polling stations there were no opposition watchers at the balloting or at the count.

The secret police canvassed voters, street by street and house by house, demanding that they sign a commitment to vote for the official bloc. Those who refused knew — or believed, which was just as effective — that they were marked persons.

The law provided that balloting should be secret. But no booths were provided. Voters brought their ballots, indicated only by a number, and received an envelope in which to deposit the slip; this envelope they then dropped into the ballot box which stood open in the room.

Contrary to law, the régime organized factory workers, civil servants, employees at business places, etc., and ordered them to march *en masse* to the polls and to vote "openly and demonstratively." I have in my possession a copy of such an order.

In ten out of fifty-two voting districts the opposition was simply banned. These were districts with

the most numerous peasant population. In the Cracow province, with a population of over two million, the banning of two out of four constituencies deprived more than half the population of any choice.

The régime controlled the issuance of paper for propaganda purposes. This meant that the opposition was starved for paper. In many districts it could not find a printer for election posters or leaflets. The régime, controlling press and radio censorship, had a throttlehold on opposition campaigning.

This by no means exhausts the inventory of police pressures, discrimination and intimidation. False alarms and rumors, including one that Mikolajczyk had been killed, were put out to disorganize the opposition. Known supporters of the Peasant party were prevented from going to the polls. Balloting places closed while voters still waited their turn. In short, the government manipulated the campaign and the elections in the precise measure needed to produce the results decided upon in advance.

IV

The result of the election has been to remove Mikolajczyk and the Polish Peasant party from the government, now returned entirely to the Lublin "bloc." A bloc-socialist, M. Cyrankiewicz, is prime minister, but the Communists hold every cabinet position of vital importance. Jakub Ber- man, direct liaison man with Moscow, is secretary of the cabinet, a non-port-

folio post of critical importance; and Communists are in charge of internal police, education, industry, foreign affairs and the new territories. The latter, incidentally, are the greatest pork barrel that could possibly fall into the hands of a government, since, with the Germans driven out and 4.5 million Poles resettled, every one of these Poles is entirely dependent on the Warsaw government.

Following the elections I made a tour of central, southern and western Poland. I talked at random with peasants in their homes, with workmen, students, teachers, priests and businessmen regarding the "fairness" of the elections. Some refused to speak: "We think it would be better not to discuss it," was the usual formula. The rest expressed amazement that anyone had doubts about the way the election had been fixed. Many said they voted for the régime because they feared reprisals or new terrors; others because they believed the results would be the same no matter how they voted.

This was not the attitude of the majority — it was the *unanimous* attitude of all but three persons whom I questioned; the three were Communists.

The election on January 19 violated the Three Power compact, the Declaration of Human Rights of the San Francisco Charter, international morality and the sanctity of treaties. If any agreement in the future is to be worth the paper on which it is

written, action to make good on the Yalta settlement for Poland is imperative.

Since the Polish nation — as distinct from the police régime — has no way of presenting its case to the United Nations, it is clearly the business of the Yalta signatories to present it. A Soviet refusal does not exempt the United States and Great Britain from their clear-cut obligation.

The United Nations have sent an investigating commission to Greece. They should send one quickly to Poland. The new Commission on Human Rights, headed by Mrs. Roosevelt, should also send a group to investigate, to interview political prisoners, to question rank-and-file oppositionists under guarantees of safety.

If the reports of these commissions support the contentions of this article, the Yalta signatories must demand a new election in Poland under proper safeguards — an election in which all parties run *separately*, policed by neutral forces during the campaign and the voting, with unintimidated watchers of all parties at the polling places.

Meanwhile the Polish government, having violated the conditions of its tenure, should be regarded as provisional and untrustworthy, and consequently not entitled to loans from any of the United Nations or from the World Bank.

What is at stake is not only the freedom of the Polish nation and peo-

ple but the validity of international agreements between the Big Three. Faith in disarmament, atomic or any other treaties is impossible if in this matter of the Yalta Agreement it is demonstrated that it can be unilaterally interpreted and flagrantly circumvented.

If the United Nations cannot uphold agreements between its members; if it cannot create respect for international law, then it has no pur-

pose whatsoever and the sooner we withdraw from it and confine our agreements to countries who will and do respect the law the better for the United States.

Otherwise we shall find ourselves, under the pretext of the quest for universal peace, cooperating in the destruction of states, the subjection of peoples and the ruin of all international morality, with war or total capitulation as the end result.

FOR ONE WHOSE WINDOWS DARKEN

BY ELM A DEAN

Now that her lovely windows darken, Lord,
 see that her inner light
 be more than ever bright.
 Keep for her all live things
 with color and wings,
 brilliant and rapid as the very day
 she went their way.
 Make sure for her the good pattern of growth:
 how from the root the green unfolds,
 then the unbelievable flower.

Prolong a single hour
 of midday with the sun
 permitting no shadow — not even one
 hint of a dark tomorrow.
 Let no sorrow
 ever be hers, unless for us whose seeing
 is two-dimensional.

Keep her small being
 from surface injury.
 Point out Thy tree
 to her: let one bird sing if she pass
 in Thy dependable grass.

SOME DOGS I HAVE KNOWN

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

I RAN into the inside tip on this story when I was news editor of the *Houston Post*, down Texas way. At the start it had looked like a run-of-the-mine accident with a slight overtone of malicious intent. A man in Goose Creek, about 30 miles away, had been shot and killed while coming home from a saloon. The killer had been caught and had declared that he had been engaged to remove the man's dog by the dead man's wife, who considered the animal a nuisance. It seemed strange that a hired assassin would mistake a man for a dog so we made some inquiries and developed an extraordinary story, even for Texas, where you run into more bizarre stories than in any other state in the union.

Luckily, in case any of my clients should doubt the facts as presented here, I have corroboration in the person of Harold Taylor, at present an editorial writer on the *Wall Street Journal*, who happened to be the reporter I dispatched to Goose Creek to probe into the matter. Mr. Taylor did an excellent job — so good that we lost him to the Fort Worth *Star-*

Telegram, which gave him the raise I failed to secure for him.

We'll call the murdered man — for it turned out that in truth he was deliberately murdered — by the name of Mullarkey, which is not a bad name when you think it over. This Mullarkey's dog was a big brindle greyhound; not one of your little whippets that you see on the dog courses, but an animal which, when it stood on its hind feet, was as tall as the average man. Mullarkey had brought him up from a pup and had taught him some very strange tricks.

When the man himself was sober there was not, apparently, a better-behaved person around Goose Creek; and the dog, during these too-infrequent periods, was quiet and inoffensive, tagging along dutifully at his master's heels.

But when Mullarkey went on his regular weekend binge all Goose Creek and the country folks got upset. Long before the greyhound — which he called Corn, after a favorite Texas beverage — was born, this Mullarkey had a habit, when liquored, of cavorting around bars and other public

W. A. S. DOUGLAS' most recent contribution to THE AMERICAN MERCURY was "My Uncle Jim," which appeared in the November 1946 issue. He has worked on many newspapers throughout the country, including the *Baltimore Sun* and the *Chicago Sun*.

places on his hands and knees, barking and yowling, pretending he was a hound. He'd sniff at sober folks' ankles and make as if to climb up on them and lick their faces. Even after he got his teeth kicked in it made no difference; he got false ones and carried on.

From a pup he started training that greyhound to act like a man. First off he had him walking on his hind legs and developed him so he could go along that way from the farm to the saloon belt and back again at night. After that Mullarkey, who must after all have been as much of a devil drunk as sober, took to running behind Corn and acting like he was the dog and the greyhound was human. Things went along so it came that sometime about the middle of the regular Saturday night festivities in Goose Creek, Mullarkey and the dog would edge into some joint — after getting good and oiled somewhere else — and start plaguing folks. Mullarkey would order a beer standing up — and it was Goose Creek ethics that if you were able to stand you got served whether welcome or not.

Then, with the beer on the bar, the greyhound would come up, put his front feet on the mahogany and start drinking while Mullarkey, with a bottle of corn on his hip, would go down on his hands and knees and bark and yowl. They'd keep this up in a dozen or so places till Mullarkey wasn't able to stand — and therefore could be refused — and the dog would

be staggering around. Out they would both go and start for home, the dog on its hind legs in the middle of the road trying to sing and Mullarkey bouncing around in the ditch alongside, barking his head off. When they'd get to the farmhouse Corn would walk inside, climb into Mullarkey's bed and go to sleep; the Mullarkeys were prosperous folks and had twin beds. And Mullarkey would make the rest of the night hideous in the front yard baying at the moon or passing cars.

As Mr. Taylor intimated in the stories he sent from the courtroom, you couldn't blame Mrs. Mullarkey. She had deliberately hired this gunman to kill her husband, the both of them concluding that the story of mixing the man and the dog would be accepted. They signed confessions but, in view of the defense testimony of the neighbors and the entire membership of the Goose Creek local of the Bartenders' Union, they got off with a year apiece. Corn was destroyed.

II

Zeke Sludge was a fairly well-to-do farmer with some good land just a little way outside of Hot Coffee, Miss. In his younger days he had been a fairly successful minor politician, amassing a competence sufficient to make him a landowner through faithfully sticking to a short and original campaign platform. He promised his constituents always to be "as honest as the times would permit."

When Zeke's son, Henry, grad-

uated *cum laude* from Hot Coffee High School the old man asked him whether he wanted to pursue learning further or settle down on the farm. Henry said he would like to go to the state university and his dad accommodated him. But Zeke was tight in certain ways and while he paid for Henry's board and his tuition he limited his pocket money to a rather measly one dollar a week.

This parsimony left Henry pretty well out of things in the fun line. But he had inherited the sagacity which made his dad a prosperous politician; there was, he knew, one mode of approach to his father's pocketbook and that was by way of the old man's hound dog, Spot. Zeke Sludge could be tight with his wife and his son, but if Spot could only have talked he could have had about anything he asked for. He was a smart dog, going on about eight years old when Henry first lit out for the university; he could tap off numbers with his foot, bark yes or no, shake hands and tell Zeke's political friends from his foes. Wherever the old man went Spot went — and the old man went to some queer places.

Henry came home for his first summer vacation and was met by Zeke and Spot at Mount Olive, about twenty miles from Hot Coffee, which is not on the railroad. And as they jogged along home Zeke asked Henry how his learning was coming.

"They got men there," said Henry, "who have brought learning to something more than a science. Do you

know, Pop, they got classes in languages for dogs?"

"No!" yelled the old man.

"Sure do," said Henry. "There's one old wolfhound up there got through with his English and is a polished talker. Now he's took up French."

"Gosh-a-mighty," breathed Zeke. "Think they could do anything with Spot there?"

"Well, they might," said Henry.

All that summer vacation old Zeke kept harping about Spot's education and how he would make a monkey out of that wolfhound once he got to the university. A week after school opened Henry wrote back that English, French and Spanish tuition fees for Spot would be \$500. The old man had insisted that his dog take one more language than the wolfhound. So Zeke sent Spot up to school and mailed a check for the \$500.

In Mississippi you don't take much heed about tomorrow, so Henry cashed that check and gave Spot away to one of the Negro janitors. With the tuition money he built himself into the most popular sophomore in the school and it was only when the Christmas holidays loomed up that he had time to think about Spot — and the spot he was in.

At Mount Olive old Zeke was there with the buggy to meet the train.

"Where's Spot, Son?" he asked.

"I'll tell you about Spot, Pop," said Henry, looking right sad, "as soon as we get out a-ways."

They drove along till they were well outside of Mount Olive and Zeke said: "What about Spot?"

"Well," said Henry, "there was the smartest dog ever went to the university. The way he could throw around English and French and Spanish! He made a monkey out of every other dog on the campus."

"Yes," said the old man, "and where is he?"

"Spot come on the train with me," answered Henry, "all the way till about twenty miles above Mount Olive. We were talking about meeting you and all of a sudden Spot gets to talking about old times with you. He was telling me about three days and nights you and he spent in Memphis and what he said made me right mad, Pop. And then he got onto another story about you and him in Jackson."

"Kind of loosemouthed, was he?" old Zeke put in.

"Far too loosemouthed," said Henry. "And lying, too. Lying something awful. I got that mad I just jerked out my knife, stuck it in his gizzard and threw him through the train window."

Zeke and his son drove along for a mile or so in silence and then the old man spoke.

"Henry, you're sure you killed that lyn' hound dead?"

"Sure did, Pop," answered Henry.

III

I have a friend, an old soldier from the First World War, who believes he carries the woes of all humanity on his

shoulders. These shoulders are narrow, he is far from being a strong man either mentally or physically, and he is quite the gentlest soul I know. But he goes off on crusades of all sorts and when he finds he has failed, as is always the case, he gets onto a bender which lasts for days, sometimes for months.

He is so kind and sympathetic that folks of his acquaintance, and even complete strangers, make a practice of carrying their troubles to him. These troubles are in great proportion purely imaginary but that makes no difference to my friend. He believes all he hears, shoulders each load as his own and finishes up, inevitably, in the alcoholic ward.

A few years since, he ran into a particularly nasty siege, owing to his great affection for dogs. He had strolled into a saloon for a harmless glass of beer, and there encountered a newspaperman, whom we will call Mr. Smith. This newspaperman's reputation as a liar is something both gaudy and pretentious, but my friend's faith in human nature is such that he will accept any tale.

Mr. Smith, roaring drunk, insisted that the gentle soul have something. My friend took another beer and asked the reason for the current bender. He was informed that sorrows were being drowned instead of joys being celebrated.

Mr. Smith, wiping away a tear, announced that his dog had walked out on him.

"I can't imagine you being cruel to

a dumb animal," said my friend. "How come?"

"It's this way," explained Mr. Smith gulping down a whiskey. "I found this dog in France during the war. [He meant the first disturbance.] He's a German police dog and a mighty intelligent animal, even though he is getting right old. He has hurt me to the quick, old pal."

"That's too bad, too bad," said my friend. "I've been on the wagon, so to speak, for six months. It hurts me, too. Give me a drink, Joe."

Mr. Smith insisted on buying the two whiskies and they drank to a better understanding between dogs and men.

"I was in charge of an advanced company," sobbed Mr. Smith, "and we came on this ruined village. The Jerries had taken it on the run and we lit on a house cramfull of champagne. Mess headquarters. And here was this little pup, all alone. Let's have another, Joe."

"Soon as I saw the wine," Mr. Smith went on, "I sent the boys along to mop up the rest of the village. I picked up the pup in my arms along with a bottle of vino and came out on the street. You gotta have discipline in the Army, you know."

"Sure thing," agreed my friend, holding up two fingers to the bartender.

"As I was saying," continued Mr. Smith, wiping the tears away, "I came out and fell over a pedestal. And who do you think was on it but Joan of Arc! Sore as a boil, too. She says, 'I'll

thank you for the pup, Sergeant. You've no business carrying a dog around here when you're drunk!'"

"She must have been a fine woman," said my friend, downing his fourth.

"Maybe so, maybe so. But on the tough side. She said she'd put a curse on me if I didn't take the pledge with her right there and then. And she was going to take the pup away if I didn't. So of course I signed up."

"What's all this got to do with your old dog taking this last run-out?" asked my friend.

"Everything," sobbed Mr. Smith, "everything. As he's been getting older he's been getting sorer. Everytime I would come home with a snootful he would go and sulk. . . ."

Here Mr. Smith's emotions got the better of him and it took two whiskies apiece to get him back to his story.

"I came in here last night as full as a tick," sobbed Mr. Smith. "And that old dog comes in through the swing doors and up to me. He looks me over disgusted-like and says, 'Dammit to hell, don't you remember what Joan of Arc told you? I'm through.'"

"And with that, believe me or not, he ups and dives past me and through the doors. I've seen neither hair nor hide of him since and I know now that I never will."

IV

James Whitcomb Riley once wrote :

Dogs, I contend, is jes' about
Nigh human — git 'em studied out,
I hold, like us, they've got their own
Reasonin' powers 'at's theirs own —

Indiana's immortal poet-laureate loved and understood dogs and he knew that mongrels were the smartest among all dogs. They say that his rickety old front porch in that quiet backwater of Indianapolis where he lived always had two or three curs sprawled over it in nice kind of weather. Cold weather — and they sort of hibernated, but with the first violet there they were — out on the creaky, twisted boards close to the beloved rhymester's feet.

Everett Watkins, once a famous Washington correspondent but now ruminating in Peru, Indiana, has a storehouse of unwritten Riley stories. In his boyhood days Mr. Watkins used literally to sit at the feet of the Hoosier poet, among the dogs, come warm weather.

Mr. Watkins often claims that the tales Mr. Riley used to tell his audiences of growing boys and assorted dogs, if they had been gathered into books or if the poet had got round to writing them, would easily have doubled the Riley output as we who still love him and read him over and over again know that inadequate supply.

"Nigh human?" questioned Mr. Riley this particular spring morning as he pointed his almost empty high-ball glass at the boy, Watkins.

"A dog like that one nestlin' by you now, why he's much smarter'n you'll ever be."

And then Mr. Riley launched into the never-written story of the mongrel who broke the plate-glass window

in the hardware store in Greenfield, where the poet was born and where he used to return so often in later years just to be in the house where he came into the world and just to "feel" his mother — long dead — so close beside him.

This Greenfield hardware merchant had remodeled his store front and — something new at the turn of the century — had installed a huge stretch of plate glass.

The merchant had also moved his display back a foot or so instead of jamming it all up flat against the window; in a word, he was up-to-date and his store was the pride and joy of Greenfield.

A little ragged newsboy, probably a man of prominence today, used to sell his papers outside the hardware store. The winter of the arrival of the beautiful store window was exceptionally severe and there came a morning colder than all the others which had gone before. And there was the little boy, almost frozen, out on the street and with him, as usual, was a small dog of assorted ancestry as nearly frozen as his master.

The hardware man opened the door and beckoned the youngster to come in and warm himself. The boy hesitated and then asked if his dog could come in with him; but the merchant said no, that dogs were not allowed in that grand store. The boy came in sort of reluctantly and stood by the window while his faithful mutt stared at him through the beautiful plate glass — longingly and shiveringly.

Suddenly there echoed through the store a report as loud as that of a pistol shot. The owner came rushing from the back to see a huge crack right across his twelve feet of splendid window. As he stared in angry amazement the mongrel, with the uncanny intuition of mongrels — smarter'n humans, as Mr. Riley put it — turned tail and ran.

The little dog's warm breath on the

window as he stared at his master had broken the glass! The hardware man had not as yet arranged his insurance, and it cost him over a hundred dollars to replace the damage.

But he was a sport and when he got his new window — the cold spell still hanging on — he hung out a card which said: "Little boys who are cold can come in but must bring their dogs with them."



PHRASE ORIGINS—13

GET HEP: *In the 1890s, the story runs, one Joe Hep ran a saloon in Chicago frequented by criminals of various sorts. Joe, it seems, was not very bright, but he was bright enough to realize shortly that professionals were favoring him with their patronage. Sensing that big things were afoot, he began to hover about, absorbing all he could from the conversation of his customers. Although he never quite understood what was going on, he thought he did, and considered himself proudly "in" on every "touch" that came off. The "grifters" encouraged him in his delusion, and so Joe Hep's name entered the argot as an ironic appellation for anyone who thought he knew but didn't. The ironic sense has now largely disappeared from elements of the name surviving in the phrases, "to get Joe to" or "to get hep to" somethings. As a verb it appears in "Let me Joe you to that racket"; the surname does not enjoy parallel usage, but one might say, "Let me put you hep" or "put you Joe," meaning let me inform or instruct you. The term has been sometimes corrupted to "hip"; and circus "grifters" have created for this mythical Joe a brother named Bill Hep.*

DAVID W. MAURER

THE TOUCH

A STORY

BY LIAM O'FLAHERTY

A WHITE mare galloped west along the strand against the fierce spring wind. Her tail was stretched out straight and motionless. Her nostrils were blood red. Flecks of foam dropped from her jaws with each out-rush of her breath. Hailstones, carried slantwise at a great speed by the wind's power, struck with a loud noise against the canvas of her straddle. The two empty baskets, that hung on either side, swayed with her uneven gait, the halters whining as they shifted round the smooth pegs of the wooden yoke. A horsehair rope trailed from the holed bottom of each basket.

The wind tore wisps from the loose rye straw that cushioned the mare's back against the rough canvas. They were maintained in the air by the fierce gale. They sailed away to the east, one after the other, gamboling like butterflies in dance.

Kate Hernon was riding on the mare's haunches, gripping one of the straddle pegs with her left hand and holding a can of hot tea out in front of her with her right. Her head was

bent forward over the yoke for shelter. Her flannel skirt was the same dark blue color as her wild eyes. She wore rawhide shoes, a little head-shawl that was tied under her chin and a short sheepskin jacket that was buttoned tightly over her bodice. She was eighteen years old. A splendid rider: you would swear that her body was part of the mare.

The local people had been gathering seaweed from the surf since before dawn over at the far end of the strand. Now the gray sand was dotted with little cocks of the red weed, all the way up the strand from where the waves were breaking.

Most of these people stopped working when they saw the girl approach them at such a furious pace.

"By my lance of battle!" said one of the men. "There's a maiden fit to please a king."

"Aye!" said another man. "If I were single today, it's on her finger I'd want to put my ring."

"By the blade of the lance!" said a third. "I'd rather have a son from her womb than a fourth of land."

LIAM O'FLAHERTY is the great Irish novelist and short-story writer who is best known in the United States for *The Informer*. He contributed "Life" to the February 1947 *MERCURY*.

There was a young man named Brian O'Neill working for Kate's father as a day laborer that spring. He got angry when he heard the remarks of the other men. He was in love with the girl.

"May they hear the morning screech!" he said to himself, as he came out of the surf with a load of the weed on his pitch fork. "The bawdy devils! People like them should be thrown down a cliff."

He looked shyly to the east along the strand as he was throwing the weed on the cock. His cheeks reddened when he caught sight of Kate. He went out again into the tide hurriedly, his head lowered in order that the people might not discover his emotion.

He was perished with cold to the marrows of his bones. His hands and feet were numb. His thighs were scalded by the brine. Yet he felt now that there was a fire burning within him. His blood ran madly through his veins.

Kate jumped deftly to the strand when the mare halted by her father's cock of weed.

"God bless the work," she shouted gaily to the people.

"You, too," the people answered her.

Her father came over to her in a state of great agitation. He was a stooped little man. His features were crabbed and contorted by the cold. He was just turned sixty years of age. His wife had given him no sons and all his daughters, with the exception

of Kate, had emigrated in search of a livelihood. That was why he was obliged to hire a day laborer.

"Are you crazy?" he said, as he caught the mare by the head.

"Why so?" Kate said.

"Why did you race her, you fool?" he said.

Kate laughed merrily. She was at least a hand taller than her father, a handsome supple girl of fine limbs and features, bubbling with the exuberance of healthy youth.

"I couldn't hold her," she said. "It must be the spring she feels in her blood. She didn't want to walk fast or to trot. She only wanted to gallop. There's no end to the spunk that's in her, a little thing like her."

"You're a greater fool than your mother," her father said. "God help me, having to deal with the two of you."

He loosened the belly band and put his hand in between the mare's back and the straw.

"Aie!" he cried. "She's half drowned in her own sweat."

The mare shuddered violently when she felt the coldness of his hand against her sweating hide.

"Aie!" the old man said. "A silly girl racing this one and she falling to pieces with fat after a winter's idleness."

Kate laughed merrily once more as she walked over to a big granite rock.

"That bit of a race will do her good," she cried. "It will clear her windpipe."

The father took the tailpiece from

under the mare's tail. Then he pulled the loosened straddle back and forth, in order to give the sweating back a little air.

He stopped when the mare began to shudder violently and to stamp her hind feet. He put back the tail-piece and half tightened the belly band. He put a little basket of hay to the mare's head. Finally he took a bunch of straw and began to rub her forelegs.

"Aie!" he cried mournfully as he rubbed. "A man without sons is a pitiful person. God was unkind to me surely."

Kate took shelter under the granite rock and unbuttoned her sheepskin jacket. Her apron was rolled up about a bundle at her waist. She put the contents of the bundle on the ground. Then she spread the apron. She set out big slices of buttered griddle cake, boiled eggs, salt, two spoons and two mugs. She untied the cloth that was keeping the can of tea hot. She poured tea into the mugs.

"Come on over now," she called to the two men. "Let ye be drinking this tea while it's hot. Hurry on over."

Brian came over to the rock at once. He squatted on his heels, took off his cap and blessed himself. Kate handed him a mug of tea.

"God increase you," he said as he took it.

"Same to you," she said to him.

They looked into each other's eyes as they spoke. They both blushed. Although what they had said were

merely words of common courtesy, they felt just as shy as if they had disclosed the secret of their love to each other. Kate turned away suddenly. Brian bent his head over his food.

The father came over to the rock in a great hurry, blowing on his cupped hands as he came.

"Go over and catch hold of her head," he said to Kate. "She's terribly nervous on account of this cold. She might pull her halter."

He squatted, blessed himself and began to eat. He wolfed his food.

"Lord God!" Kate said as she handed him his tea. "Why don't you have patience with your food?"

"Blast you!" he said. "Go on over there."

Kate ran over and began to rub the mare's forehead.

"Hurry up, man," the father said to Brian. "Poor people can't spend the whole day at their meals. We have a lot to do and the day is half spent already. Hurry, I tell you."

The young man said nothing. Even though he had been weak from hunger for the past two hours, he was now hardly able to eat a morsel. He had difficulty in swallowing what he put in his mouth. He had ceased to be hungry when he saw Kate looking at him as she handed the tea.

Every other time she looked at him there was a gay light of mockery in her eyes and there was a smile on her lips. Now her eyes were serious and her lips were solemn. He understood what that meant.

That was why he ceased to be hun-

gry and why his throat got so narrow that he found it hard to swallow anything. Instead of paying attention to his food, he kept stealing glances at Kate over his shoulder.

The old man finally noticed these glances.

"A cat can look at a princess," he cried angrily. "So they say and what harm is there in it? It's a different story, though, when a blackguard that doesn't have a penny to his name looks at a decent man's daughter. Do you understand me?"

The young man got angry. His eyes flashed. He looked at the old man, but he did not speak.

"Watch out for yourself," the old man continued. "You have only a small garden by your cabin door, two goats and an ass. You have neither father, nor brother, nor sister. You have only your mother and she sick these last ten years and she depending on you in every way, just like a newborn child. Nobody of your kin ever had land or fore-shore to his name. Your kin were never better than scamps and vagrants; just a lot of beggars that came to these parts at the time of the great famine."

Brian jumped to his feet. He was trembling with rage.

"You have said enough," he said. "Nobody belonging to me was ever a beggar, or dishonest. All my people were decent."

"Devil a bit I care," the old man said. "Stay clear of my daughter, I'm telling you. It's not on a girl that was born in a house with two cows that a

man with two goats should lay eyes."

"You have enough said," Brian cried once more.

"Go on over now," old Hernon said, "and be loading seaweed."

Brian rushed to the mare, thrust aside one of the baskets with his shoulder and tightened the belly-band. Then he began to throw armfuls of the weed into the baskets. When they were full to overflowing, he picked up his fork and continued to load weed onto the top of the straddle yoke.

Kate's heart beat wildly as she watched the wild rhythm of the young man's strength in action. She became intoxicated with passion. She was forced to lean against the mare's shoulder, with her lips parted and her eyes fixed. Although another heavy shower of hail was now falling and beating sharply against her cheek, she was unconscious of the impact. Now she was indifferent to all but her desire for the young man.

The old man took note of her pre-occupation as he approached from the rock. He understood. He halted, put his back to the shower and his fingers to his chin.

"There now!" he said to himself calmly. "That scoundrel has hold of her. There now, 'faith! He has her hooked."

He looked at Brian and became possessed of a savage hatred for the young laborer. He loathed the straight back, the fair hair and the shining blue eyes that could lead a young

woman's fancy astray in such a way.

"Blast him!" he whispered under his breath. "The beggar! The filthy beggar! Without a penny in his pocket! Not a single penny has he got, the dirty beggar! I'll soon put an end to his schemes. The stinking fellow!"

He went to the mare and took up position with his fork on the opposite side to Brian. They both worked fiercely, loading seaweed. Soon there was a towering pile above the straddle. It was time to throw the first rope.

"Look out for it," the old man shouted to Brian.

"Let it come," Brian said.

The old man threw the rope over the top of the load.

"Got it?" he shouted.

The wind swept the rope end out ahead. It fell across Kate's bosom. She caught it and handed it to Brian.

"Got it, you bloody fool?" the old man shouted again.

Brian did not answer. When he was taking the rope end from Kate, his fingers touched the back of her hand. He started violently and gripped her hand. She started with equal violence and looked at him. Their faces were aflame. They dropped the rope end and grasped one another fiercely by both hands. They rushed together and stood bosom to bosom. They were trembling from head to foot.

They stood thus for several seconds. Then the old man shouted again.

"What devilment are you up to now, you blackguard?" cried the old man.

Brian started. He loosed his hold of

Kate's hands and picked up the rope end. He took a turn round the tooth that protruded from the bottom of the basket and made it fast. Then he threw across the second rope.

"Look out for it," he shouted.

The old man fastened the second rope. Then he rushed around the mare to Brian.

"You scoundrell!" he shouted. "I know your tricks. I know what you have in mind, but it won't be any use for you. Do you hear me?"

"I don't know what you're saying, old man," Brian said.

"You know well what I'm saying, you blackguard," shouted the old man.

"You've no right to call me a blackguard," the young man cried.

"Blackguard! Blackguard!" screamed the old man. "I'll say it as often as I like. Do you hear? Do you dare try to stop me? Do you dare?"

Brian stared with flashing eyes at the old man.

"Don't say anything you might be sorry for later," he said in a low voice.

"I'll say what I please," shouted Hernon. "I'll say any bloody thing I please. I've met many of your kind and I've chastised them. I'm telling you to keep clear of my daughter from now on. Otherwise I'll horsewhip you to within an inch of your life. Do you hear me, you bloody beggar?"

The young man's face was now deathly pale with rage. Yet he merely lowered his eyes to the sand and said nothing. The old man caught him by the shoulder and shook him.

"Do you hear me?" the old man said.

The young man nodded.

"You'll keep away from her then?" shouted Hernon.

The young man nodded again after a slight pause.

"Don't let me catch you forgetting that either," snarled Hernon, as he gave the shoulder a final push. "If you do, there'll be hell to pay."

He went around the mare's tail to his own side.

"Load away now," he shouted. "We have enough time wasted."

Brian looked at Kate. She was looking at him in astonishment and appeal.

He understood very well what she was saying to him with her wild eyes. She was saying that she was ready to do whatever was necessary in order to put their love into effect. She was urging him to take her away from her father and to do with her what he pleased. Yet he was afraid. He only answered her passionate glance of appeal with a hang-dog look of defeat.

So that she turned away and shuddered. A look of torture came into his eyes. He quickly thrust out his hand and touched her on the shoulder. She drew away a little farther and shuddered violently, just as the mare had done when she felt the touch of the old man's cold hand against her sweating hide. She buried her face in the mare's white mane and kept shuddering. Brian muttered a foul oath and continued to load.

The two men loaded and cast ropes

until there was a tower-shaped heap of slippery red weed atop the straddle. They then made fast the wet red tower for transport to the field that was being fertilized for the spring sowing of potatoes.

"Be off now," the old man said to Brian. "Hurry back from the garden. We have ten more loads, at least."

Brian took the halter from Kate. Now she did not glance at him. She hurried away to the ground with her eyes downcast. He wound the halter round his wrist and gripped the load. He picked up a sea rod and shook it before the side of the mare's head.

"Go on," he cried. "Twous!"

The mare went forward slowly, up through the cocks of red weed toward the sand bank that lined the road.

Her hooves sank deep into the soft sand, under the weight of the heavy load.

"Twous!" Brian kept shouting, as he shook the rod. "Keep on! Twous!"

Up they went onto the high bank of sand, the wet red tower walking on long white legs and a young man guiding it.

"There now!" the old man said, as he stood with his arms folded looking after Brian. "So he thought to come into my house as son-in-law."

When the mare and the young man passed out of sight beyond the bank, a cunning smile appeared at the old man's lips.

"I'll soon put an end to his little plan," he said half-aloud. "The silly beggar! To think he would dare look

at my daughter! The bloody beggar!"

He walked east along the strand to the place where Marcus Joyce was working. "Whisper to me a minute," he said to Marcus.

Marcus was a big strong man with red hair. Hernon and he sat down behind a cock of wind and lit the pipe.

"You were talking to me a little while back," Hernon said, "about making a match."

"That's right," Marcus said. "I was thinking of my second son, Red Mike."

"A fine lad," Hernon said. "One of the best. I find no fault with him. It was with the money you were offering him that I found fault. He'll be coming into my house, if he comes. He'll be coming into a place of two fourths and a half, with two cows and the finest girl in the parish. Yet you only offered. . . ."

"I offered good money," Marcus interposed.

"Yerrah!" said Hernon. "What did you offer but two hundred and a half?"

"And what would you want?" said Marcus. "Is it the riches of the Americas you think I have?"

"Add another hundred to it," Hernon said, "and I'll spit on my fist."

"Three hundred and fifty sovereigns!" cried Marcus. "You king of devils!"

"For three hundred and fifty," said Hernon, "I'll throw into your side of the bargain that makings of a bull I have." He paused. "I know you're hankering after him."

When Kate crouched under the rock and tried to collect her kit, she found that she was in a state of complete stupor. She just stared at the ground, unable to move. It was only when the sound of her father's voice, raised in loud argument with Marcus Joyce, came to her ears that she recovered from her stupor. She looked towards the cock under which the two men were sitting. She understood at once what they were discussing. She crossed herself.

"God forbid!" she prayed fervently.

Then she hurriedly made a bundle of her kit within her apron and buttoned her sheepskin jacket. She set off eastwards along the strand towards home. She passed close to the men.

"Ah! God help me!" she moaned as she passed them.

Now they had lowered their voices. They were sitting very close together. They were pushing one another with their shoulders affectionately and striking fist against palm and passing the lighted pipe after every other word. All these were signs that the bargain was already made and that only details remained to be discussed.

"Oh! Lord God!" Kate cried in agony as she walked east hurriedly. "Why did you let them sell me like a cow or a pig?"

She mounted the sand bank and then went south along a narrow road that was bound on either side by a tall stone fence. Soon another shower of hail began to fall. She took shelter against the fence.

She sat for some time, with her mind a blank, watching the hailstones patter against the wet stones of the opposite fence. Then she remembered Brian and started as if she had been struck. Her eyes widened and became fixed.

First she thought of her hands touching his hands and of his bosom touching her breasts and of the intoxication produced in her by that touch. Then the sorrow of eternal hell followed close upon that drunkening

thought, as she realized that this first touch of love would be the last touch and that she was henceforth sold to a man whose touch would be a torture to her flesh.

A scream came up into her throat, but it went no farther. It remained there unuttered. Her woe was too deep for tears.

She just sat looking across the narrow road in silence at the cold white stones that were beating fiercely against the cold black stones.

TO MAUDE ADAMS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I walked and talked with Peter Pan today,
And all my youth came flooding back
Across Time's immemorial track,
And skies that had been grimly gray
Were touched by the warm light of May,
Changed from the weather's almanac —
How glad was I with Peter Pan today.

Even through the city's crowded way
We walked and talked with young delight,
Though motors plunged at left and right,
And blessed peace seemed far away,
Ah! we could loiter and delay,
Forgetting clouds of deepest black. . . .
How glad was I with Peter Pan today!

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



SHOULD CRITICS BE TEETOTALERS?

THE paper war waged by playwrights against critics, which has been in festive operation for centuries and which burst forth with a renewed vivacity last season, has again got under way in this, though with relatively less spritz. Sparked by Miss Lillian Hellman, whose play, *Another Part of the Forest*, failed to receive the full measure of eulogy which she deemed to be its due, the Dramatists' Guild, of whose council the lady is a conspicuous figure, dispatched the following caveat to the New York Drama Critics' Circle, hitherto not committed to print but herewith quoted in most pointed part:

We have hesitated long to bring to your official attention certain frequently repeated distressing incidents on opening nights in the theatre, involving some of your members. . . . Our specific complaints as to a small number of your members of whose opening night behavior we complain is (a) coming to the theatre in a physical condition which precludes capacity to appraise a play intelligently; (b)

coming after curtain time; and (c) carrying on audible conversation with companions during the performance. One or more of these things have been occurring among those few over such a substantial period of time and with such frequency that we determined that they can no longer be overlooked. We have no intention of releasing this to the press, but we indulge the hope that you will take it upon yourselves, in the interests of the theatre, to remedy these abuses.

The fiat was signed by Richard Rodgers as president and by the following members of the council: Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Victor Wolfson, Edward Chodorov, George S. Kaufman, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, Owen Davis, and, of course, Miss Hellman.

Overlooking the quality of the impeachment's grammar and syntax, which would seem to indicate the desirability of some additional schooling for its playwright signatories, we analyze the complaint. It is, first, that some critics occasionally show the effects of having imbibed a few hookers before arriving at the theatre; secondly, that some come in five or

ten minutes after a play has started; and, thirdly, that some sometimes talk while the show is going on. The complaint is undoubtedly founded on fact, to a degree. But the fact is only half the story. Unless my eyes have deceived me, I haven't, with one single exception in the last ten years, seen a critic in his cups at any play worth intelligent critical attention. When and if I have seen a colleague somewhat under the weather — and I haven't engaged the spectacle more than a few times in the period specified — it has been invariably at plays that called for delirium tremens, much less a mild edge, to stand them at all. The record of sobriety on such occasions, and it has run into imposing figures, is, if anything, a testimonial either to the endurance or to the stupidity of the critics.

Here, of course, arises the question as to how the critic who has taken a number of snifters can possibly know in advance that the play is going to be a stinker. I may confide on such temulent colleagues' behalf that it sometimes is as easy as rolling off a log, and often much easier. A playwright who for years has purveyed turkeys isn't very likely overnight to serve up a pheasant. A producer who has never put on anything but trash isn't likely to turn out to be a Meyerhold, Stanislavsky, or Reinhardt. A company of actors known from previous performances to be hams may not be expected instantaneously to become artists of the serenest karat. And a director whose past efforts have been emi-

nently sour may be anticipated in all probability to retain his acidity. There are, furthermore, often the out-of-town tryouts which waft ahead their betraying odors. And there is above all, if I may be so bold as to say so, that critical instinct which somehow frequently has a way of very accurate prognostication.

I dislike to be unnecessarily impolite — well, all right, I don't particularly mind it — but it was very easy in the present season for any experienced critic to foretell in advance that none of the following plays or shows would be worth a hoot: *Maid in the Ozarks*, *The Bees and the Flowers*, *Loco*, *Naughty-Naught*, *Toplitzky of Notre Dame*, *The Haven*, *A Family Affair*, *Wonderful Journey*, *Lovely Me*, and *The Big Two*, among others. And last season it was just as simple to predict to oneself what these and others would be like: *Round Trip*, *Oh, Brother!*, *Make Yourself at Home*, *The Ryan Girl*, *The Girl from Nantucket*, *Marriage Is for Single People*, *The Duchess Misbehaves*, and *This, Too, Shall Pass*.

Under the circumstances, why shouldn't a critic show up oiled?

The second complaint is that some critics arrive at the theatre after the performance has begun. The complaint is justified. A critic, drunk or sober, should be in his seat when the curtain goes up. It may discommode him but, if he isn't, it discommodes the audience probably even more, and a critic should have decent manners. Let him leave early if the play is a bad one with obviously no hope of im-

proving, but let him, if only for appearances, get there on time.

With the third complaint I have, however, little sympathy. The mere fact that a critic is inclined to talk to his companion during a play indicates that the play isn't holding him and that he is disposed to seek a little entertainment on his own. No one, even a critic, is found gabbing during the course of an interesting play. The more talk in an audience, the less talk, you may be sure, there should have been on the stage.

II

The reactions to the Dramatists' Guild's indictment, along with an independent extra grouse registered by its Miss Hellman, were four in number:

1. John Mason Brown in his capacity as president of the Critics' Circle replied briefly to the Guild that the Critics' Circle was not a chapter of the Boy Scouts, that it did not supervise its personnel's conduct and parlor manners, and that if the Guild thought that any critic should be put on the carpet, the complaint against him should be lodged with his editor, provided that the latter could be found sober.

2. Miss Hellman's subsequent complaint to one such located editor whose critic she alleged had condemned her play only because he was half seas over drew the hardly reassuring reply that next time the editor would send the dim-sighted James Thurber to review her play, escorted by a seeing-eye dog.

3. The Critics' Circle threw a Christmas party to itself at which it was suggested that the member accused by Miss Hellman of having been three sheets in the wind at her play be fined five hundred dollars, the money to be spent on alcoholic refreshments for the other members.

4. It was unofficially agreed that it would not have been such a bad idea to return to the Dramatists' Guild its communication with the following amendments:

We have hesitated long to bring to your official attention certain frequently repeated distressing incidents on opening nights in the theatre, involving some of your members. Our specific complaints as to not so small a number of your members of whose opening night behavior we complain is (a) coming into the theatre in a mental, literary and dramaturgical condition which precludes capacity to write a play intelligently or in almost any other way; (b) coming strictly at curtain time and thus often boring the ears off us for some time longer than is necessary; and (c) carrying on audible conversation among your characters during the performance. One or more of these things have been occurring among your members over such a substantial period of time and with such frequency that we determined that they can no longer be overlooked. We have no intention of releasing this to the press, though the temptation is high overwhelming, but we indulge the hope that you will take it upon yourselves, in the interests of the theatre, to remedy these abuses.

In better English, as befits critics, of course.

No one, I hope, will contend that a reputable playwright has not a full

right to protest when and if his reputable play is reviewed by a critic who for one reason or another is incompetent to review it. On any such occasion, I am all for the playwright against the critic. But, though I have read a plenty of reviews in my time that, were I such a playwright, would have made me sick at my stomach, I have read few that were the result of anything but critical incompetence. Intoxication, late arrival, or incidental social conversation have seldom had anything to do with their incompetence. They were just plain, congenitally dumb to start with.

It is, however, rarely the reputable playwright who figures among the critic-baiters. The baiter, one will usually find, is either a hack or a writer whose vanity greatly outweighs his talent. It is these dyed peacocks in particular who wax indignant over bad notices and who seek their origins not in their own bad plays but in extrinsic circumstances. A favorable review written by a numskull hugely gratifies them; an unfavorable by an intelligent critic grossly affronts them. They suffer from delusions of grandeur and, when the quality of their imagined grandeur is disturbingly pointed out to be tinsel, they become cry-babies.

The critic who disillusiones them immediately in turn becomes to them, if they can't at the moment think of anything worse, an alcoholic. I am, surely, no more in favor of alcoholics than they are. But I still somehow seem to remember that among the

boozers who wrote some pretty fair criticism were, to cite only a few, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Lessing, Voltaire, Beaumarchais, Gustav Freytag, Hazlitt, and our own Edgar Allan Poe.

III

Let us look at the offerings of the Dramatists' Guild's signatories during the last dozen years and determine which of them really called for any vital sobriety.

The Messrs Rodgers' and Hammerstein's contributions were musical shows, and for the most part unusually good ones which were highly praised by the critics. It would, however, take a peculiar person to maintain that such shows, meritorious though they are, demand a particularly clear mind for their appraisal. A few drinks help almost any musical show, as is pretty well known. After all, it isn't Wagner who is writing the shows.

Victor Wolfson has offered the following: (1) *Bitter Stream*, taken from a novel by Silone and obvious enough even to a critic partly in his cups. (2) *Excursion*, a pleasant comedy that got a unanimous sober attention. (3) *Pastoral*, a seedy comedy that expired after fourteen performances and that even vodka wouldn't have made seem any better. (4) *The Family*, a play derived from Nina Federova's novel of the same name, which lasted for only seven performances and would have been greatly improved by a case of Scotch.

Edward Chodorov's gifts were: (1) *Kind Lady*, a thriller adapted from

a story by Hugh Walpole and interesting enough to engage the attention of a critic, if willing to suspend his mentality. (2) *Cue for Passion*, a murder mystery play in collaboration with H. S. Kraft which ran for twelve performances and which would not have benefited from even a first-class bun. (3) *Those Endearing Young Charms*, a play that was born in Hollywood and that made any sober critic feel extremely drowsy. (4) *Decision*, a propaganda exhibit that properly called for at least four or five hookers of three-star Hennessy. (5) *Common Ground*, another and even poorer one that called for at least five or six.

George S. Kaufman's bequests in the twelve year period: (1) *Merrily We Roll Along*, in collaboration with Moss Hart, a forced and mediocre play that encouraged critical attention only because of the previous highly commendable collaboration, *Once in a Lifetime*, and some other earlier good performances. (2) *First Lady*, a collaboration with Katharine Dayton and commonplace box-office goods that called only for run-of-the-mill reviewing. (3) *Stage Door*, a collaboration with Edna Ferber and amiable box-office stuff that assuredly required no crystal-clear mind for its full and proper assimilation. (4) *You Can't Take It with You*, a collaboration with Hart and a jolly evening for whistewetters and whistle-drys alike. (5) *I'd Rather Be Right*, a collaboration with Hart and a music show book which, while not nearly so good as Mr. Kaufman's collaboration on *Of Thee I Sing*,

a grand job, was sufficiently amusing. *Vide* comment above on criticism of musical shows. (6) *The Fabulous Invalid*, a collaboration with Hart which called for a lot of Swedish punch preferably mixed with some puissant Kirschwasser and Bisquit Dubouchet. (7) *The American Way*, a collaboration with Hart and patriotic whoopedoodle which any sober critic had a hell of a time sitting through. (8) *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, a collaboration with Hart and an entertaining comedy at which the critics to a man were on the waterwagon, apparently. (9) *George Washington Slept Here*, a collaboration with Hart and a rubbishy comedy that called for some extra-powerful schnaps. (10) *The Land Is Bright*, a collaboration with Edna Ferber and generally agreed to demand copious entr'acte swigs. (11) *The Late George Apley*, a collaboration with John P. Marquand and deserving of critical abstinence. (12) *Hollywood Pinafore*, a musical show book based on the Gilbert and Sullivan *H.M.S. Pinafore* and one that would have seemed just as bad after a keg of Löwenbräu. (13) *Park Avenue*, a musical show book in collaboration with Nunnally Johnson that needed a chaser of 500 proof whiskey spiked with a little 600 proof.

Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse came forth separately and in combination with these: (1) *A Slight Case of Murder*, a Lindsay collaboration with the late lamented Damon Runyon that failed to jell and could have been correctly appraised by a critic with a

bad hangover. (2) *Red, Hot and Blue*, a collaborative music show book that foundered. *Vide* note on criticism of such music show books. (3) *Hooray for What*, a collaborative music show book with only two amusing scenes. *Vide* ditto. (4) *Life with Father*, a collaboration based on the book by Clarence Day and a very genial and immensely prosperous comedy that almost any kind of critic could enjoy cold sober. (5) *Strip for Action*, a collaborative dud which a gallon of Pommard Rugiens '37 wouldn't have made passable. (6) *State of the Union*, a collaboration which the critics saw fit to review in a remarkable state of sobriety and which they therefore admired excessively, but which, were I a drinking man, would have benefited from an engagement with Old Grandad.

Owen Davis' record: (1) *Too Many Boats*, a turkey that called for a case of Myer's Jamaica rum. (2) *Spring Freshet*, another that called for another case; (3) *Ethan Frome*, a dramatization in collaboration with Donald Davis of the Edith Wharton novel, and meriting critical abstemiousness. (4) *Virginia*, a music show book, and a bad one, in collaboration with Laurence Stallings. *Vide* note on even good music show books. (5) *Mr. and Mrs. North*, a murder mystery play based on a novel by Frances and Richard Lockridge which was fair popular entertainment, but since

when has teetotalism been vital to the digestion of murder mystery plays? (6) *The Snark Was a Boojum*, based on a novel by Richard Shattuck, a prime turk which was removed after five performances and which would have called for a barrel of strong waters to sit it out. (7) *No Way Out*, an echo of the problem plays of the Broadway of forty years ago, one which even a plunge into the Old Oscar Pepper distillery wouldn't have helped, and which was hauled away after eight showings.

Lillian Hellman's contributions: (1) *The Children's Hour*, a sound play and one which properly demanded the sober attention of the critics. (2) *Days to Come*, a deserved prompt failure which was produced before the time of that temperance fanatic, Wolcott Gibbs, but which justified his predecessor, the late lamented Robert Benchley, in hoisting a few. (3) *The Little Foxes*, a pretentious melodrama that drew enthusiastic applause from every critic in the house, save one, me, who was apparently too sober. (4) *Watch on the Rhine*, another that did the same, also with the single exception, me, ditto. (5) *The Searching Wind*, muddled claptrap that also did the same, with two exceptions, one of them me, and both ditto. (6) *Another Part of the Forest*, an overswollen melodrama that also did the same, with three exceptions, again one of them me, and all three ditto.



HOW PERÓN ENSLAVES ARGENTINE LABOR

BY WILLIAM L. MUNGER

THE tactics pursued by Juan Domingo Perón ever since the military *coup d'état* of June 1943 demonstrate that the ruler of Argentina has a clear understanding of the mechanics of totalitarianism. He has acted against the independence of the schools, the press, the judiciary, the banks and the labor unions. Perón has not won all his fights, nor has he pursued all of them consistently, but in his unrelenting campaign to subjugate Argentine labor he has shown that he understands the importance of free unions as a force for democracy. It is especially important for Americans to note that the Communist Party of Argentina has, as will be explained below, given Perón its full support in this campaign.

In the course of the struggle the government has used bribery and intimidation; it has rigged union elections and seized union offices by force; it has used strikebreaking tactics against recalcitrant unions, arrested and imprisoned union officials, set up puppet unions and blithely disregarded the nation's labor laws whenever it

saw fit. These tactics have been so successful that an American delegation from the AFL and the Railway Labor Executives Association, invited by Perón and the CGT to investigate Argentine labor conditions last January, has reported that there is no longer a free trade union movement of any strength in the country. The Argentine General Confederation of Labor (the CGT), converted into a political arm of the government, has come to be little more than a weapon in the hands of the "Number One Argentine Worker," Juan Perón.

Perón has had two powerful assets to help him accomplish his objectives. One is the moral deterioration of Argentine political leadership; this is one result of the wholesale corruption in government administration at all levels, which brought about an increase of public cynicism regarding political matters and a remarkable reduction in the capacity for being shocked by corruption. The other is an unusually favorable economic situation, which has allowed Argentina to gather tremendous profits through the

WILLIAM L. MUNGER, executive secretary of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union, was a member of the American labor delegation which recently visited Argentina. During the war he was a member of the labor production staff of the War Production Board; previously he had been research director of the United Automobile Workers.

sale of her agricultural products to a hungry world preoccupied with military production; thus Perón was able to achieve his main ends without endangering the solvency of the government or interfering significantly with the profits of private industry or agriculture.

Perón is aided also by the backing of the powerful, ultra-conservative oligarchy of *Estancieros*, the agricultural interests who want a "safe" man at the head of the government to insure that while Argentina is industrialized no tampering with their own domination will take place. Labor has been given economic concessions to make its "coordination" with the general plan seem attractive; meanwhile it has been hobbled in such a manner as to remove it as a democratic political force.

While in Argentina the American labor delegation, of which I was a member, witnessed what may well have been the last feeble attempt of the CGT leadership to defend its independence. The invitation to visit Argentina to study labor, economic and political conditions arose out of previous contentions by CGT representatives that the Argentine labor movement was free and independent, and the delegation expected, therefore, to be inundated with protestations and attempted proof from both the government and the CGT to support this argument. The exact opposite occurred.

Opponents as well as supporters of the government agreed that there

was a complete coincidence of policy and program between the CGT and the government. Perón himself took the line that his was a labor government and that consequently there was not the slightest reason for any differences or divergences between the two. How important this concept of complete identity between the labor movement and the government is in Perón's catechism was brought home to the delegation in an unforgettable manner. In fact, it was the delegation which set off a "chain reaction" which culminated in Perón's blasting from office the entire leadership of the CGT.

II

The first rift in the atmosphere of supercharged enthusiasm surrounding our arrival in Argentina came within twenty-four hours. We informed the government that the program of activities it had prepared prior to our arrival was unacceptable to us without modification. The program was overweighted with banquets, official receptions and sight-seeing excursions; also, our co-host, the CGT, was not being consulted in any way in the planning. The day after our arrival, we objected, in talking with some of Perón's cabinet members during the course of our first reception at the Presidential Palace, to the fact that the CGT top leaders were barred from the reception to make room for a squad of stooges selected by the Ministry of Labor as an official reception committee of "Argentine workers."

A few minutes later, Perón, having been informed of our attitude, angrily approached and denounced us for "insulting behavior." He berated us for insisting that the officials of the CGT be involved jointly with the government in making arrangements. What seemed to irk him most was the implication in our position that the government and the CGT were to be regarded as separate entities. He pointed to Freyre, Minister of Labor, and declared him to be the very embodiment of labor *in* the Perón government.

He pointed to the members of the reception committee of "Argentine workers" (virtually all of whom were appointed to their union positions by the government and also employees of the Department of Labor) and indicated that here was proof that in dealing with his government we were simultaneously dealing with the labor movement, that there was no necessity for us to seek to deal independently and directly with the elected officials of the CGT.

The steadfast unwillingness of the delegation to accept the "Russian tour" arranged by the government obviously upset the calculations of Perón. Had we been willing at that point to abandon our position and be "cooperative" there is no doubt but that we could have enjoyed a more comforting stay in Argentina and brought back the same kind of uncritical report about conditions in Argentina that the CIO delegation brought back from the Soviet Union some

months ago. Perón informed us bluntly that if it was our intention to "investigate" the labor movement or anything else in Argentina that we would not be permitted to do so, and that we might as well take the next plane home. We replied that our purpose in coming was well understood before we agreed to come and that we did not intend to alter it.

Undoubtedly Perón and his advisers had expected us to be so impressed with the circus of receptions, banquets, horse races, scenic tours, mass demonstrations and other evidences of a "progressive" labor and social legislation program that we would be swept off our feet. Having met with some success in deceiving leaders of the Argentine labor movement concerning his own motives, why not do the same with Yankee labor bureaucrats on a quick visit? In conversations with members of the delegation, in the course of patching up relations between us and the government, Foreign Minister Bramuglia (himself the former general counsel for the Railway Workers' Union) seemed amazed when, after asking whether we would not expect to deal with Prime Minister Attlee or Bevin if we went to Britain, we replied that we would deal with them only as representatives of the government, but that we would deal with the elected officers of the Trades Union Congress as the representatives of British labor.

The collapse of the plans that had been so carefully prepared for us by the government had astounding reper-

cussions in Argentina. We had, in fact, penetrated to the heart of the basic political questions in Argentina: Does the close integration of Perón and the labor movement mean that Perón is the real leader of a popular democratic revolt against the "Oligarchy"? Or is his posturing as the "Champion of the *Descamisados*" (Shirtless Ones) merely the necessary false front to mask his drive for concentration of power in his own hands? Does Perón represent the power of labor in government or the power of government over labor? We soon had the answers.

III

We had scarcely returned to our hotel after the "misunderstanding" with Perón when we learned that Luis F. Gay, General Secretary of the CGT (who would correspond to William Green in the United States), had been summoned by Perón. An hour or two later Gay himself visited us. He was obviously greatly agitated and disturbed, but we did not then learn why.

The same evening the delegation attended a reception given by the CGT. Gay made a speech on the necessity of a strong democratic labor movement as an independent pressure on government, and expressed the hope that it would be possible to create an Inter-American Federation of Labor comprising the genuinely free trade union forces in North and South America. This speech was the last public act of Gay. We were never to see him or any other CGT official again. We learned later, from unofficial

sources, that he was arrested, beaten and held incommunicado.

Gay had been elected as head of the CGT only two months before our visit. He was a telephone worker and an ex-Syndicalist. He had had some differences on political matters with Perón, but had been "softened up" by appointment to several fat-salaried posts (President of the Postal Savings Bank, Vice-President of the Telephone Company, a Director of the Central Bank).

Luis Gay, however, had apparently retained in some corner of his being the germ of independence from Perón, and an awareness of the realities of the trade union situation. This led him to assume that in making plans for our delegation's itinerary he and his co-officers of the CGT would naturally represent that organization. It led him to make rash statements about a free and independent labor movement.

We were first informed that Gay was to be removed from his position as head of the CGT by Foreign Minister Bramuglia. Apparently the purpose of Perón's hasty summons to Gay, following our reception, was to inform him that he was through. We learned from unofficial sources that at a secret meeting in the Casa Rosada, the leaders of all CGT unions were informed by Perón that Gay must be removed.

In strict "unity" with the wishes of the head of the "labor government" in Argentina, all of the Perónist newspapers simultaneously launched a

campaign of denunciation and slander against Gay. A "Committee of Defense against Treason," reminiscent of the Moscow Trials, popped up from nowhere and formally accused Gay of conspiring to lure the workers of Argentina away from their beloved leader, Perón. Gay's co-conspirators, it was charged, were members of the United States labor delegation and Spruille Braden, Assistant United States Secretary of State. (Braden, it should be pointed out, serves Perón in the same manner that Trotsky used to serve Stalin, as the devil behind every imagined plot.) Perón himself, in a public address before a CGT mass demonstration, roared: "Cursed be he who at our side pretends to be a comrade, but when the hour of decision arrives stabs us in the back."

IV

Perón had help from an interesting quarter, the Argentine Communist Party. *La Hora*, the official Party paper, which was the first to blast the American delegation, followed the Perónist line. It declared, as did the Perónist press, that the real purpose behind the AFL's sending the delegation was to create disunity in the Argentine labor movement. It was further charged that the AFL was the "tool of Wall Street imperialist interests" and that we were working in league with the United States State Department to wreck the Revolution and "deliver the country back to the hands of the Oligarchy." The Communists wound up every article in

their attack on us with a plea for "unity" in the CGT.

The Communists had no reason to complain about lack of unity in the CGT. The Central Committee of the CGT met on January 28, and, under the watchful guidance of Minister of Interior Angel Borlenghi, who is also head of the Clerks' Union, voted unanimously to expel Gay from the Central Committee and to accept the resignations of all the top officers of the CGT.

Gay was not present at this meeting. Although Gay's successor had already been picked by a group of Presidential advisers — including Madame Perón — it was thought expedient to defer "elections" of new officers until the American delegation left the country.

Before the meeting adjourned, a very significant resolution was adopted. Publication of this was suppressed, except that it slipped through in the early edition of one newspaper:

In view of the resolution adopted by this Central Committee of the Confederation, by which citizen Luis F. Gay was separated from membership in the same, we express the most complete concurrence with the position taken in this matter by his Excellency the President of the Republic, General Juan D. Perón, to whom we send in this emergency a vote of total solidarity.

Imagine the AFL acceding to a "demand" for the resignation of the entire Executive Council over a matter as trivial as the itinerary of a British labor delegation to the United States! And yet when, on the basis

of such evidence, the AFL concluded that the CGT was completely dominated by the Argentine government, the Argentine Communist Party denounced the report as "calumnious, humiliating and offensive for Argentine workers" and labeled it part of an "imperialist plot to divide and conquer South American labor."

v

The Communist Party of Argentina is now addressing fervent pleas to the CGT to join the Latin American Federation of Labor (CTAL), headed by that devoted Party-liner Lombardo Toledano, and the World Federation of Trade Unions. Almost every issue of *La Hora* carries editorials and articles by Iscaro, a prominent Argentine Communist, and others "exposing" the "imperialist machinations" of the AFL. The CGT is praised for its "valorous fight against imperialism and oligarchy." The CTAL, a "bulwark in the battle against Yankee imperialism and the splitting tactics of the AFL," desires nothing more "than unity of all South American labor in order to carry on this fight."

The Communists were following a different line early in 1946. The United States was then denounced, in the *Daily Worker* and in statements by Toledano, for playing ball with "the first openly Fascist régime in the Western Hemisphere." In March 1946 Toledano charged that "the Argentine government of Nazi colonels, of Fascists and Falangists, is opposed to the glorious traditions of the Argen-

tine people and to the democratic traditions of all Latin America." It was not the election of 1946, which "legitimized" Perón's régime, that brought about the change in the CP line. Toledano wrote before the election:

The Latin American Federation of Labor fears that the *de facto* government, using methods ranging from violence to bribery and fraud, will in due time declare that the Argentine people have elected Juan Domingo Perón as President. [This would] consolidate in power the first openly Fascist régime in the Western Hemisphere.

The CTAL, through Toledano, consistently opposed for years the admission of the CGT into the ILO on the ground that it was not a bona fide organization within the meaning of the ILO rules and also within the principles laid down in the 1945 Constitutional Congress of the World Federation of Trade Unions.

The date on which Perón became a democratic and peace-loving ruler in the Communist view was June 6, 1946, when Perón announced the resumption of diplomatic relations between Argentina and the Soviet Union, and the signing of trade agreements. From that day on virtually all criticism of Perón ceased in the Communist press everywhere, including Argentina. The Argentine Communists now hover like jackals around the stricken forces of democracy in Argentina, seeking a place among the gang of homegrown nationalists, Nazi colonels and Falangists who are hacking away at the body.

To be sure, the Soviet Union is not the only country that has trade relations with Argentina. The United States does considerable business with Perón.

The current line of Ambassador Messersmith toward the Argentine government seems to many to be just as repugnant as the fawning attitude of the real ambassador of Soviet Russia in Argentina — the Argentine Communist Party. In both cases the primary considerations seem to be

purely commercial. But the American Federation of Labor does not consider the policy of the State Department an excuse to falsify the evidence of its own observers and desert the democratic trade unionists in Argentina, who are still fighting as best they can.

The democratic forces in Argentina have been greatly encouraged by the publication of the AFL report. They hope that it will help to make the Argentine people aware of what has really happened to them.

WINTER LETTER

BY FRANCES FROST

Wherever you are on the face of the earth,
come home.

In whatever time zone, latitude, longitude,
set sail, spread wing, but come.

The snow is deep this year upon the mountains,
icicles drip from the eaves
in the morning sun but the house is warm for the cellar
is banked with leaves.

Smoke rises straight from the kitchen chimney, the cat
has a new batch of kittens
behind the stove, and shoveling out to the barn
one needs two pairs of mittens.

Wherever you are, on whatever island spattered
by the flowers of foam,
embark with your box of the past and your disciplined heart:
come home.

FACTS ABOUT NERVOUS HEART

BY LOUISE CROSS

DURING the war, doctors in the armed forces frequently had to treat inductees with symptoms which laymen usually connect with heart trouble: chest pains, breathlessness, heart murmur, chronic fatigue, sensations of pounding in the chest and neck, and the like. Examinations would often show, however, that the heart was organically sound. These men, victims of the exceptional adjustment demands abruptly placed on them by Army or Navy life, were suffering from the ailment known as "nervous heart."

Nervous heart is a functional ailment rather than an organic one: the heart in these cases is organically sound and intrinsically normal. This is not to say that nervous heart is "just nervousness," that the patient is malingering or afflicted only in his imagination. Nervous heart is a real sickness with characteristic symptoms; but these symptoms are the result of an illness of the total personality, of mind as well as body. In one patient, the more important element leading to nervous heart may be poor general

health, careless living habits, an easily upset nervous system; and very little mental strain will then bring on nervous illness. In another patient, strong and healthy, the decisive factor may be mental: he may have a long history of difficult problems incompletely understood, or be affected by a sudden tremendous piling-up of mental strain.

To understand the nature of nervous heart we must first analyze the structure of the human nervous system. This may be divided into two closely-interrelated parts, the central and the sympathetic.

The central nervous system functions in connection with conscious, voluntary processes. It includes the brain and what are known as the sensory and motor nerves. The sensory nerves carry to our brain "information" from the outside world, or from the body, in terms of vision, smell, pain or cold. The motor nerves carry "directions" from the brain to the body: to jump, to move an arm or finger, or carry out other actions. The brain itself "registers" the mes-

LOUISE CROSS is a medical illustrator and prosthetist. She has contributed numerous articles on medical subjects to general magazines, including "What Doctors Know about Glaucoma," which appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* of November 1946. The information in this article has been authenticated by several cardiologists.

sages brought in by the sensory nerves, gives orders to the motor ones, and is our instrument for feeling emotion, for thinking and for remembering.

The sympathetic — also called autonomic and voluntary — nervous system works independently of direct or conscious control on our part. Automatically it manages the operation of our lungs, our stomachs, our glands and other organs of the body.

The sympathetic system itself is further divided into the sympathetic system proper and the parasympathetic. These two divisions work in opposite ways: in the heart, for example, the sympathetic speeds up action and the parasympathetic slows it down. Functioning thus in balance, these two nervous systems ordinarily maintain a heart beat somewhere around seventy per minute under ordinary circumstances, and if special demands arise they adjust to meet them.

When we run, for instance, the muscles require extra oxygen. The arteries must dilate so that more blood can flow through them to provide the extra oxygen; the heart must beat faster to pump the additional blood; the lungs must take in air faster to obtain the extra oxygen for the blood to carry; and other changes must take place in body chemistry or glandular activity. All these adjustments are made when necessary without conscious direction from the brain, thanks to the balance in operation between the sympathetic and

parasympathetic nervous systems, and to the integration of these systems with the operations of the central nervous system, the circulatory system, the glands, body chemistry and the mind.

II

We know from recent studies in psychosomatic medicine that illness can result from emotional disturbances. In other words, fear, anxiety, resentment, hatred, maladjustment, nervous strain, or shock can provoke "functional" illnesses. Some people are more easily affected in this way than others, possibly because the delicate balance of their sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous systems is more easily upset. As a result, these people are often afflicted by such troubles as nervous heart, nervous indigestion, or other physical illnesses which have no organic cause.

A large proportion of those who develop such illnesses show a history — and often an inheritance — of nervousness or of psychic upsets. In recent studies of nervous heart patients it has been discovered that considerably more than fifty per cent have known or been related to someone who suffered from heart trouble. The probability is that this experience made them susceptible to the "suggestion" of heart trouble. In other cases, the patients became aware of palpitation after an illness or unusual exertion and in this way had their attention drawn to the heart. Sometimes a word thoughtlessly spoken

by a doctor during a medical examination was misunderstood by a patient, with the result that a vague notion of heart trouble was planted in his mind. Some doctors have suggested that a kind of symbolic connection exists between the heart and emotional upsets. The fear with which most people regard heart trouble is also thought likely to influence people suddenly worried about health.

B.'s story provides a good example of what can happen. He enlisted in the Navy, and went into training with every desire to make a good record. All went well for the first three months. Then suddenly one night, after he had gone to bed, he suffered an attack of pain in the left side of his chest, his heart beat accelerated, and it seemed hard for him to get his breath. This soon passed, and he thought little of it at the time. But the attacks were repeated, becoming so frequent and severe that he grew anxious and began to lose sleep and appetite.

A medical examination showed B. to be a perfectly healthy nineteen year-old boy. Investigation into his background revealed that he had always been an over-conscientious son of nervous parents. His heart symptoms were easily traced to the conflict between his desire to fit perfectly into the regimented life of the Navy and the natural unconscious desire of an overindulged only son to retain the comfort and self-expression to which he was accustomed. In short, B. had nervous heart. Fortunately

he was spared one common symptom of the nervous heart, fatigue, and he was able to carry out his regular duties during the few months that the doctors needed to help him adjust to his new life.

Pain in the left side of the chest, such as B. had, is characteristic of nervous heart. It happens that the heart is closer to the center of the chest than most people think; it is usually near the center of the chest, therefore, that pain is apt to be felt in organic heart disease.

The pain symptoms of nervous heart differ in other ways, too, from that of organic heart disease.

Angina, for instance, is usually described as a feeling of suffocation or of being pressed upon by a weight; it starts after exertion on the part of the patient and quiets down after a few minutes' rest. In nervous heart the pain starts when the patient is at rest, is described as a dull ache, sometimes with short, severe stabs, and it may last from a few minutes to several hours, or even become chronic. Angina often spreads to other parts of the body, especially to the left arm; this may happen in nervous heart, but less frequently. Nervous heart frequently reveals one other symptom, rarely found in any organic heart disease: a sore spot on the chest over the point of pain.

Rapid heart beats are not unusual in nervous heart, but in many cases there is merely an abnormal consciousness of the beating. When there is actual speeding up of the heart

beat — as is sometimes the case — it does not follow the usual pattern of organic heart disease. When the sympathetic system is overactive the nervous heart speeds up more on slight exertion and it also goes back to normal more slowly than does the healthy heart. When the parasympathetic is overactive the reverse is true. Blood pressure may follow the same sort of irregular changes.

Many nervous heart patients, like B., will feel that they can't take a deep breath. Medical studies have shown that most of them really take in just as much oxygen as anyone else; they are simply overconscious of their breathing. Many breathe in a series of sighs, a symptom peculiar to nervous heart.

Fatigue is the most common single symptom of nervous heart. In the sympathetic type it is apt to be the result of nervous activity and restlessness; in the parasympathetic type it amounts to chronic fatigue, even exhaustion.

Nervous heart may reveal itself in other symptoms indicative of any nervous upset: excessive perspiration, irritability, nervousness, tremor, hot or cold and clammy hands and feet, weakness, dizziness, faintness, headache, fever, unaccounted-for aches and pains, indigestion, sleeplessness and loss of appetite.

III

The first step in treating nervous heart is to locate any contributing causes or complications. It may be dis-

covered that the cause is deep-set anxiety neurosis, hysteria, or hypochondria; or one of these may be a complicating factor. Here the help of a psychiatrist is indicated, although usually a nervous heart case can be adequately treated by a heart specialist without much difficulty.

Physical illness can bring on nervous heart. Thyroid trouble can produce similar symptoms. Infectious diseases may temporarily affect the heart. In these cases the heart usually returns to normal as soon as the physical cause is removed. Organic heart disease may co-exist with nervous heart, in which case it is essential that treatment be prescribed for both.

If the case is a simple one of uncomplicated nervous heart, examination will show a heart which is absolutely normal. It is true that the heart may vary in some degree from the average, but this is frequently true of perfectly healthy organs. The heart may be slightly larger or smaller than average, but this means nothing in itself.

Some authorities think that tall, slender people with small, vertically-placed hearts may be a little more prone to fatigue and nervous illness than others; but this is not always the case. Electrocardiograms of nervous heart may show some little variation from the usual, but within normal limits. The physician may hear some sort of murmur, but this is meaningless unless it is associated with definite signs of heart disease: many peo-

ple have murmurs and never suffer a qualm.

Treatment of nervous heart is simple, but it takes skill, understanding and patience to get results. If physical exhaustion is a causative element, the first step will be a period of rest, perhaps bed rest, with mild sedatives. This period, if prescribed at all, is always of short duration, for the main job is to get the patient going again. To begin with, he must admit the real nature of his illness. If he has become convinced that he has organic heart disease, or has accepted the common fallacy that nervous illness is something to be ashamed of, this may not be an easy step. The second step is a carefully planned program whereby the patient gradually learns to do more and more until he reaches his maximum in physical accomplishment. Gymnastics, massage and hydrotherapy are sometimes prescribed.

Finally, since the precipitating cause of nervous heart is frequently the mental pressure of an unsolved problem, it is often necessary for the physician to help his patient understand the problem (which may be present only in his subconscious) and help him work out a solution.

IV

There are no statistics on the prevalence of nervous heart, but doctors agree that it is extremely common. The chances for recovery from nervous heart seem better than from organic heart disease.

Can nervous heart lead to or-

ganic heart disease? Most doctors have said so far that it cannot, but some recent psychosomatic studies indicate that in time a severe case may actually damage a healthy heart.

Some cases of nervous heart make excellent, rapid recoveries. Some, like Miss L. are failures. Miss L. was not young when her illness was finally diagnosed as nervous heart. She had a long history of nervous illness and was not a healthy woman physically. She was suffering from a deep-set psychoneurosis which only a long and difficult psychiatric treatment could clear. In addition, she had a severe real illness, so that it seemed unwise to put her through the strain of such treatment, even if her case had been considerably more promising than it was.

In general, a healthy normal person with a good physical background who suffers a sudden attack of nervous heart will recover if he receives prompt and competent treatment. An easy case was that of J. Several days of heavy drinking had knocked him into a severe digestive upset. Scared, J. began developing innumerable symptoms of heart trouble. Anxious and despondent, he thought himself unfit to work. But an examination disclosed nothing wrong with his heart, not even a murmur. A regimen of sensible living and normal work put him back on his feet in short order.

In W.'s case, physical examination showed no specific sign of organic heart disease though there were certain rather suggestive symptoms. At

the same time, an authority on psychosomatic medicine suspected from the woman's personality that she was a type especially prone to nervous heart.

It was learned that her life was marked by real tragedy, and that she had often had "heart attacks" and nervous upsets. She was back at work after a few months of treatment, and has remained well.

Treatment is not always simple. Many sufferers from nervous heart are people who have undertaken a way of life beyond their real capacity. They may need less exacting jobs or work more suited to their abilities; less strenuous recreation and more

sensible habits of eating, drinking and smoking may be indicated.

The exceptional adjustment demands required of inductees in the armed forces sometimes brought on acute attacks of nervous heart in susceptible individuals. The British army, during World War I, had some 66,000 nervous heart cases, 40,000 of whom were eligible for pensions. No figures are as yet available for this war, but the record is infinitely better.

Can we avoid nervous heart? Probably not entirely, but the danger can be minimized by living sane, well-balanced lives reasonably well suited to our capacities.

MANTEL ORNAMENT

BY CAROLYN WILSON LINK

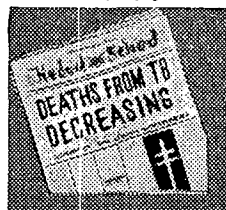
The shell away from the shore
Is the word from the song,
Colored and shaped as before,
But robbed of the strong
Beat of the ocean's heart,
Its music broken,
The summer's living part
Now a dead token.

Can you answer these questions about

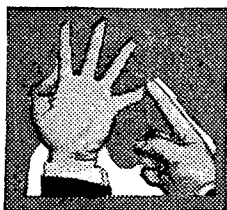
TUBERCULOSIS ?

Q. Is there hope of conquering tuberculosis?

A. Indeed there is! Since 1900 the yearly death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced from over 200 per 100,000 to under 40! Many authorities say that by continuing a well-planned, forceful campaign—with public co-operation—deaths from tuberculosis may be almost wiped out in the next twenty years.



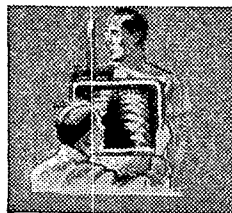
Q. What are the important steps in this campaign?



A. First: constant effort to find and treat more cases in the early stages when the disease is easier to control. Second: adequate treatment for active cases, preferably hospital care, which will help to avoid infecting others. Third: proper care for people who have had tuberculosis, including medical supervision and occupational guidance to prevent recurrence. Fourth: a drive to eliminate poor health habits and conditions which invite tuberculosis.

Q. Why are periodic examinations so important?

A. Tuberculosis, especially in the early stages, often has no symptoms. Its discovery then depends on a thorough medical examination, aided by X-ray. Such examinations are particularly important among adults, especially older persons, workers exposed to silica dust, and other special groups which have high tuberculosis death rates.





Q. How is medical science fighting tuberculosis?

A. New X-ray equipment and techniques are making examinations easier and less expensive. Studies with streptomycin and other new drugs give promise for the future. There are indications that a vaccine may provide a measure of immunity against tuberculosis. But these drugs and vaccines are still experimental, and as yet there is no substitute for standard methods of treatment.



Don't let tuberculosis frighten you

Today, through modern medical skills, most cases of tuberculosis can be controlled if caught in time. The earlier that treatment is started, the better are the chances for a prompt and lasting cure.

If you should have tuberculosis, your physician will recommend treatment, probably in a sanatorium. Once the disease is brought under control you can usually return to a normal way of living, with periodic checkups to make sure the disease does not become active again. You should faithfully follow your doctor's instructions in order to

speed recovery and maintain good health afterward.

Regular medical examinations provide comforting reassurance even if you don't have tuberculosis, and suggest immediate treatment if the disease should be detected. For further information about such examinations and about the disease itself, ask your physician, public health officer, or local Tuberculosis Association.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

THE RECORD IN PALESTINE

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS

THE British government's anti-Zionist policy in Palestine has been scathingly denounced by nearly everyone from David Ben-Gurion, chairman of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, to Winston Churchill, leader of His Majesty's Opposition. The most complete and damning case against it, however, is to be found in statements by the Labour government's own leaders. Before they came to office twenty-two months ago, Prime Minister Clement Attlee, Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin and every other ranking member of the present cabinet were firmly committed to fulfilling the terms of the Balfour Declaration and of the League of Nations mandate which obligated Britain, as the mandatory power, to facilitate the creation of a Jewish National Home in Palestine.

Labour first recorded itself in favor of creating a Jewish National Home in 1917, when it declared that Palestine should become "a free state, under international guarantee, to which sections of the Jewish people as desired to do so may return, and may work out their salvation free from interference by those of alien race or religion."

This position was reaffirmed dozens

of times and in great detail during the twenty-eight years preceding the Labour victory in the July 1945 elections. In fact, before the issuance of the Chamberlain government's famous White Paper of 1939, which imposed a permanent minority status on Jews and made further Jewish immigration to Palestine subject to the acquiescence of Arab leaders, it was the position of all British parties. The White Paper policy, which the present government has in effect taken over, was denounced by Labour leaders as "appeasement" and, what is more important, a blatant violation of the League of Nations mandate. Herbert Morrison, now Lord President of the Council, called it a "cynical breach of pledges to the Jews and the world" and a "breach of British honor." The Labour party, at a conference in Southport in 1939, summed up its official view as follows:

The White Paper, by imposing a minority status on the Jews, by departing from the principles of economic absorptive capacity governing Jewish immigration; by making Jewish entry dependent upon Arab consent, and by restricting Jewish land settlement, violates the solemn pledges contained in the Balfour Declaration and in the

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Mandate. . . . It also imposes new and intolerable restrictions on Jewish immigration at a moment when racial persecution increasingly divides the other countries of the world into those which Jews are forbidden to enter and those in which they find it impossible to live.

In the period immediately before its victory at the polls, the Labour party reiterated this view on at least five occasions. In December 1944, a Labour party conference at London adopted a report on *International Postwar Settlement* which said:

There is surely neither hope nor meaning in a Jewish National Home unless we are prepared to let the Jews, if they wish, enter this tiny land in such numbers as to become a majority. There was a strong case for this before the war, and there is an irresistible case for it now, after the unspeakable atrocities of the cold-blooded, calculated German-Nazi plan to kill all the Jews of Europe.

In January 1945, Arthur Creech Jones, now Undersecretary of State for the Colonies, told a conference of the United Palestine Appeal in New York City:

It will be for us in London to carry on our work in Parliament and elsewhere so that there is no misadventure, so that the Jews can be sure that at last their National Home is being established firmly and securely and that they can realize their own Commonwealth, a free nation which can contribute fully and freely to the general life of the whole of mankind.

In April 1945, three months before the national election, the National Executive Committee of the Labour party adopted this resolution:

The Committee reaffirms the policy ac-

cepted by the Annual Conference in December 1944, in regard to Palestine. It, therefore, calls upon the British government to remove the present unjustifiable barriers on immigration. . . .

On May 1, 1945, Arthur Greenwood, then parliamentary leader of the Labour party and now Lord Privy Seal, said:

We are looking forward to the day when the long and sorely tried Jewish people will enter into its inheritance. We feel sure that in building its Commonwealth on foundations of justice and equality it will speed progress and understanding throughout the Middle East.

In the same month, speaking for the Labour party's National Executive Committee, Hugh Dalton, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared:

It is morally wrong and politically indefensible that any Jew wanting to go to Palestine should be hampered in doing so. On the contrary, Jewish immigration into Palestine should be freely encouraged and assisted.

II

In July, when the Labour government was formed, the *Zionist Review*, a British publication, observed with what then seemed justifiable optimism: "Labour is pledged to the policy of a Jewish majority and a Jewish state. We sincerely trust that it will carry out to the full the promises made to the Jewish people by successive conferences in the course of more than a quarter of a century." This was strongly reminiscent of a statement that had been made by Prime Minis-

ter Clement Attlee some years before: "The British Labour party recalls with pride that in the dark days of the Great War they associated themselves with the ideal of a National Home in Palestine for the Jewish people, and that, ever since, the annual conferences of the party have repeatedly affirmed their enthusiastic support of the effort toward its realization. They have never faltered, and will never falter, in their active and sympathetic cooperation with the work of political and economic reconstruction now going forward in Palestine."

In September, two months after the elections, it became obvious that the Labour party had undergone a change of heart and that it was planning to "falter" in a big way. There were no formal declarations, but "inspired" stories began to show up in the British press. The diplomatic correspondent of the *London News Chronicle* announced that according to official but anonymous sources there was no substance to the story that unrestricted Jewish immigration into Palestine was to be resumed. The *London* correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post* reported unequivocally that the "government have decided for the time being at any rate to stick to the policy enunciated in the White Paper, which envisaged Jewish immigration on a quota basis." Reuters, the semi-official British news agency, informed its papers from London that a subcommittee of the British cabinet, appointed by Prime Minister Attlee to

draft a new Palestine policy, had rejected Jewish demands for the abolition of the White Paper, and that it had recommended a continuation of the White Paper policy, with the qualification that temporarily a maximum of 1500 Jewish immigrants should be allowed to enter Palestine each month.

The Reuters report turned out to be completely accurate, but the Labour government, possibly inhibited by its past promises, continued to preserve an official silence. On several occasions it was announced that the government was "studying" or "looking into" the situation, but that was all. On October 23, after four months in office, Prime Minister Attlee, goaded about this silence by the Opposition in the House of Commons, promised that the statement of policy would be made "in the near future." One member of the Opposition inquired sardonically, "Would it not be more to the point if the right honorable gentleman took his courage in both hands, and acted on the principles previously enunciated by his party leaders?"

III

On November 13, after demonstrations against the White Paper had begun to break out in Palestine, the government finally made a statement. Bevin announced in the House of Commons that an Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry would be set up to ascertain which of the displaced Jews in Europe "wish or will be compelled by their condition to migrate to

Palestine or other countries outside of Europe," and that meanwhile the Labour government would "consult with Arabs with a view to an arrangement which will ensure that pending the receipt of the *ad interim* recommendations which the Committee of Inquiry will make in the matter there is no interruption of Jewish immigration at the present monthly rate." At a subsequent press conference, Bevin commented that "the Jews, with all their suffering, want to get too much at the head of the queue." The only possible interpretation of this comment is that Bevin, as Foreign Secretary of the Labour government, felt that the murder of six million Jews in Europe, many of whom could have escaped to Palestine had it not been for British policy, did not entitle the survivors to impatience.

At his press conference, Bevin also elaborated on his reference to consulting with the Arabs. "The tragedy of the Balfour Declaration," he said, "was that it was unilateral. Neither its British authors nor its American and British supporters have taken account of the Arabs." Since concern for the rights of the Arabs to Palestine is the basis of the Labour government's policy, as it was of the White Paper, it is worth recalling what the Labour party's leaders have had to say about it. To begin with, the idea that the Arabs had a prior claim to Palestine had never been advanced by any British Government before the White Paper was issued in 1939, though the situation of the Arabs there had been

exhaustively considered. In his *The Truth about the Peace Treaties*, David Lloyd George, who was Prime Minister from 1916 to 1922, observed: "The notion that Jewish immigration would have to be artificially restricted in order to ensure that the Jews should be a permanent minority never entered into the heads of anyone engaged in framing the policy. That would have been regarded as unjust and as a fraud. . . ."

During the debate on the White Paper, Leopold Amery, a Conservative member of the War Cabinet which adopted the Balfour Declaration, declared:

I had the privilege of being, as Secretary of the War Cabinet, very closely associated with the discussions, the long discussions, which preceded the Balfour Declaration. [It has been] hinted today . . . that the authors of the Balfour Declaration were not aware of the existence of a population of 600,000 Arabs in Palestine. Believe me, that is entirely remote from the situation. . . . On the contrary, all the relevant facts, all the difficulties that might arise, and were indeed bound to arise, from the natural reaction of a primitive population in contact with a new element . . . were canvassed for many months and were fully understood. . . . The Jews were to be in Palestine as of right and not on sufferance, and no other consideration was to be allowed to prevent their free entry and free settlement as long as that entry and that settlement did not inflict direct injury upon the existing community, Jew or Arab.

The Labour party's leaders were even more emphatic on this point. For example, Philip Noel-Baker, now Secretary of State for Air, has said:

I saw the mandate being made in Paris and Geneva twenty years ago. Day by day I talked about it with those on the Arab side, on the Jewish side and in the British Foreign Office who worked it out. Perhaps it is because of that experience that I have never been able to understand why some people think that the mandate does an injustice to the Arabs. I have never been able to understand how the Secretary of State could tell us that if he were an Arab he would be afraid of the coming of the Jew. I thought it the more extraordinary that he should have made that statement last November because in the very same speech he told us that thanks to the mandate, thanks to the Jews, there were 400,000 more Arabs alive and prosperous today than there would otherwise have been.

Referring to the Chamberlain government's contention that the White Paper's restrictions on immigration were necessary to appease the Arabs who had allegedly been in revolt against the settlement of Jews in Palestine, Noel-Baker added:

What is the terrorism to which the Secretary of State is now surrendering? When did the present disturbances begin, and by whom were they organized? They began in 1935, at the time of the Abyssinian affair, when we were imposing our feeble sanctions on Mussolini. They were organized by the Mufti [and] paid for and assisted by the aggressive powers who have kept Europe in a ferment. . . . Money, arms, officers, organizers, everything came from Italy and Germany . . . the Jerusalem police intercepted documents proving that the Arab raiders received 50,000 pounds from Germany and 20,000 pounds from Italy for the purpose of strengthening their resistance. . . . Is this terror today really the work of the Arab population of Palestine? Have they done the fighting? If so, why have cutthroats and gangsters come in from all over the Middle East? . . . the

real followers of the Mufti do not number more than about 1000 men. All through the troubles far more Arabs have been killed by Arabs than have Jews. All through the troubles, the Arab *fellahin*, in many places, have been trying, in spite of the terrorism, to show their friendship for the Jews.

IV

In 1938, after a visit to Palestine, Morrison told the House of Commons:

Far from Jewish immigration having made it impossible for the Arabs to live in Palestine, far from it having damaged the Arabs socially and economically, Jewish immigration has made possible the existence of a much larger population.

In the same year, Sir Stafford Cripps, now President of the Board of Trade in the Labour government, declared:

Account must be taken of the present world situation so far as Jew and Arab are concerned. The Arab is not a persecuted outcast, there are wide dominions in which Arabs can live in safety and happiness — not so the Jews. At a time of persecution like the present it would indeed be criminal to snatch from the Jewish race the last hope of having even a tiny territory that they may call their own.

In December 1944, the Labour party's report on *International Postwar Settlement* had this to say:

Let the Arabs be encouraged to move out as the Jews move in. Let them be compensated handsomely for their land, and their settlement elsewhere be carefully organized and generously financed. The Arabs have many wide territories of their own; they should not seek to exclude the Jews from the small area of Palestine, which is less than the size of Wales.

Less than a year later, of course, this policy had been completely repudiated. Instead of encouraging Arabs to move, a measure which the Palestinian Jews had, by the way, not requested, the Labour government was having Jews deported from Palestine to an internment camp at Cyprus.

When the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry was set up, Zionists charged that it was a hoax and that it was intended merely to put off the demand, made by President Truman and others, that 100,000 European Jews be admitted into Palestine immediately. Whether or not this was the Labour government's intention, the fact is that when the Committee recommended, in a unanimous report, on April 30, 1946 that 100,000 Jews be admitted to Palestine as quickly as it was feasible to do so, the Labour government, which had promised through Bevin to accept unanimous recommendations, reneged.

Attlee informed the House of Commons the next day that his government could not undertake to "implement" the Committee's recommendations unless the United States shared financial and military responsibility. At a Labour party conference at Bournemouth in June, Bevin remarked that Americans wanted to have 100,000 Jews admitted to Palestine because they "did not want too many Jews in New York." He informed the conference that accepting the

Committee's recommendations would entail stationing another British division in Palestine and an expense of 200 million pounds. How Bevin arrived at these statistics is something of a mystery. David Ben-Gurion, replying to Bevin in behalf of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, called them "fantastic." He said:

The Jewish Agency for Palestine has already brought over some 400,000 Jews, and the entire costs of their immigration and settlement did not amount to half that sum. And, what is more important in this respect, the British taxpayer did not contribute a penny toward the settlement of the Jews in Palestine, nor is he asked to spend a farthing now.

One more statement by a leader of the Labour government must be added to the above collection. Summing up his contribution to the debate on the White Paper, Noel-Baker declared: "If the Secretary of State's policy is now adopted, the illegal immigration of these tortured people from Germany and elsewhere will enormously increase. The Jews of Palestine will go by the tens of thousands down to the beach to welcome them and to cover and protect their landings. The only way to stop them is to tell those kindly British soldiers to shoot them down. Does the Secretary of State believe that he could give that order?"

The answer, as it turned out, was yes. Mr. Noel-Baker is now a Cabinet member, and the answer is still yes.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT IMMIGRATION

BY SAMUEL TENENBAUM

ONCE more immigration has become a subject of debate in this country, and as usual the loudest voices heard are those of the nativist groups, the stand-pat conservatives who fear any slight change in America's status quo, the self-appointed defenders of the American racial strain. The protests they advance against proposals for relaxing our immigration bans recall the vehemence of the 1838 congressional investigating committee which reported that the country was being "flooded with outcasts of the jails, almshouses and slums of pauper-ridden Europe," that the newcomers were "the most idle and vicious classes, in personal appearance most offensive and loathsome," and that American prisons were filling up with them.

Unrestricted immigration from Europe continued until about 1920, despite the evident revulsion of some early congressmen. It is a commonplace that the immigrant helped build America. The efforts of some custodians to preserve a "pure" American strain must be dismissed as nonsense. But arguments against im-

migration continue to gain circulation. What real basis have they? If one cuts through the level of plain bigotry, it appears that the most substantial arguments advanced against immigration are three:

1. The immigrant is more criminal than the native American.
2. Immigrants are illiterate and tend to stay so.
3. An influx of immigrants will create unemployment.

Let us see what facts are available on these three points.

II

On the question of criminality it is important to note at the outset that modern sociology has disproved older theories which held that criminal traits were more common in some racial stocks than in others. It is generally accepted today that criminality is almost wholly traceable to environment rather than to heredity.

More specifically, we find that every significant investigation made into this field has shown the immigrant to be more law-abiding than the native white. After an investiga-

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tion made some thirty-five years ago, a government Immigration Commission concluded that "Statistics . . . indicate that immigrants are less prone to commit crime than are native Americans." The so-called Wickersham Commission (National Commission on Law Observance: *Report on Crime and the Foreign-Born*, 1931) reported that "in proportion to their respective numbers the foreign-born commit considerably fewer crimes than the native born (of the same age and sex)."

Statistics cited by Professor Edwin Hardin Sutherland, head of the department of sociology at the University of Indiana and author of a number of books on criminology, show that the immigrants "in general contribute less than their quota to the criminal population of the United States. The arrest rate per 100,000 adult population in 1937 was 514.2 for the native whites and 212.1 for foreign whites." Statistics available for 1933 give the figure for prison commitments per 100,000 adult population as 536.5 for native whites and 402.4 for foreign whites.

According to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the immigrant commits only about one third of what would be his proportionate share of all the major crimes — murder, robbery, rape and fraud. As a result, those American states which have large numbers of immigrants in their population are the most law-abiding; the highest crime rates are found in states with the highest percentages

of native stock. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that the Chinese and Japanese appear to be the least criminal and the most law-abiding groups in American life.

Studies made of the impact of the immigrant on American life before the turn of the century show that even in the earliest period of large-scale immigration there was no disproportionate increase in crime rates. Isaac I. Hourwich, writing on "Immigration and Crime" in the January 1912 issue of the *American Journal of Sociology*, discussed the figures for New York state, and found that

in 1860, when the rate of increase of the foreign-born was at its apex, the rate of criminality was at its lowest. Toward 1870 the rate of increase of the foreign-born dropped, but the rate of increase in the number of convictions made a big jump. From 1880 to 1890 the rate of increase of the foreign-born went up, and at the same time the rate of increase of the number of convictions went down. From 1890 to 1900 the two movements were reversed. In short, *an increase in the percentage of the foreign-born population is accompanied by a decrease of criminality, and vice versa.*

What are the figures on illiteracy and immigrants? It appears that of all elements in the American population immigrants most quickly avail themselves of educational opportunities. In his book, *World Immigration*, Maurice R. Davie states: "The most literate group in our population is not that of the native-born whites of native parentage, but the native-born whites of foreign or mixed

parentage." Illiteracy among the old American stock, Davie points out, declined from 7.5 per cent in 1890 to 1.8 per cent in 1930, whereas for the second-generation immigrant for the same period the fall was from 2.2 per cent to 0.6 per cent. Statistical tables show that states with a high proportion of foreign-born and their descendants, such as New York, Massachusetts and California, rank considerably higher in literacy than the Carolinas, Mississippi and Georgia.

It is worth noting, by the way, that the refugees who came to America in recent years include a most impressive array of trained professional people. Among them were 5000 physicians, 3500 college professors, 2500 technical engineers, 2400 clergymen, 1900 scientists and literary men, 1200 musicians, 800 actors, 700 artists, 25,000 merchants and dealers, 1800 manufacturers and eight Nobel Prize winners. To be sure, these were no ordinary immigrants, but they offer evidence of at least some relevance concerning the additional human wealth brought to America in recent years from Europe.

III

In his book, *Anti-Semitism*, Valentin tells of a South Sea tribe which lived on the fruits of the bunga-bunga tree. When the fruit was plentiful, they invited the stranger and fed him. When the crop was sufficient only for their own needs, they excluded the stranger. When it failed, they ate the stranger. There is a parallel to this

story in American attitudes toward immigration.

When the country was undergoing economic expansion, foreigners were encouraged to immigrate, and while their labor was needed they were treated decently, or at least tolerated. When depressions came, they were reviled, attacked and wished elsewhere.

Actually, there is ample testimony to show that the presence of the immigrant does not foster unemployment; if anything, he invigorates the economy and makes it stronger and more resilient. Discussing this subject in the *Nation* for December 26, 1942, Kurt R. Grossman, an authority in the field, pointed out that the United States was most prosperous when immigration was highest, and that the country suffered its severest economic decline *after* immigration had practically ceased. Between 1899 and 1909 the United States admitted 7.7 million immigrants, and the number of jobs increased by 40.4 per cent. In the next ten years, 6.6 million immigrants were admitted, and jobs jumped upward by 35.9 per cent. In 1924 we passed the quota laws, and for the decade 1919-29 the number of immigrants declined to 3.2 million and jobs increased by only 1.6 per cent. Between 1929-35, we had 64,904 more emigrants than immigrants and the United States Statistical Abstracts for 1938 revealed a *decline* of 17 per cent in employment openings.

In his authoritative book, *Immi-*

gration and Labor, Hourwich summarized the effects of immigration on employment:

It sounds plausible that the immigrant, who is accustomed to a lower standard of living at home than the American workman, will be able to underbid and displace his American competitor. If this view were correct, we should find, in the first place, a higher percentage of unemployment among the native than among the foreign-born breadwinners. Statistics, however, show that the proportion of unemployment is the same for native and foreign-born wage-earners. . . . In the next place, we should find more unemployment in those sections of the U. S. where the immigrants are most numerous. In fact, however, the ratio of unemployment in manufactures is the same in the North Atlantic states with a large immigrant population as in the South Atlantic states where the percentage of foreign-born is negligible. Coal miners are thought to have suffered much from immigration. Yet it appears that Pennsylvania, which is among the states with the highest percentage of foreign-born miners, has the second lowest percentage of unemployment. The highest ratio of unemployment, according to the latest published census data, was found in West Virginia, where the percentage of foreign-born miners was next to the lowest. A similar relation between unemployment and the proportion of immigrants is observed among cotton-mill operatives and common laborers.

In economic phraseology, the argument that immigration takes jobs away from natives is based on the so-called "lump of labor" fallacy, the belief that there exists in any given community a definite, limited amount of work. As the immigrant hews away at this "lump" (the argument

runs) he leaves less and less for the American worker.

This concept presupposes fixed limits of demand and production adequate to supply or oversupply it. Actually, there never has been any real overproduction in this country or in any country. What we have had is underconsumption. Even in our most prosperous periods, malnutrition, substandard houses and shabby apparel were the lot of large proportions of our population. Even at present, with our industrial machine working full blast, we do not produce enough food, clothing and shelter to provide all the American people with a decent standard of living.

If the "lump of labor" theory were true, it would mean that as the working population increased in any given community unemployment would always mount proportionately. All the facts prove otherwise. A recent study entitled *Economic Aspects of Immigration*, issued by the National Committee on Post-War Immigration Policy, says:

The facts of American economic history clearly demonstrate that with the increase in population, industry has expanded and job opportunities have multiplied. Since 1870, when immigration began to assume important proportions, the total number of jobs has risen even more rapidly than the population itself. The population rose from 38,558,371 in 1870 to 122,775,016 in 1930 or about 300 per cent, whereas the number of gainful workers increased from 12,505,923 in 1870 to 47,829,920 or about 400 per cent. . . . during this whole period when our population was growing at a very

rapid rate, largely due to immigration, the number of gainful workers in the country was growing even faster.

In this connection Felix S. Cohen shows that if one compares the ten states with the highest and those with the lowest proportion of immigrants, one finds that the highest immigrant states have twice the per capita annual income of the others. With reference to farm values, he says: "Acre for acre the value of farm lands in the high immigrant states is three times as great as those in low immigrant states, not because the soil is any different but because better agricultural and more profitable consumer markets are available."

As for the argument that immigrants drive down wages, Mr. Cohen says: ". . . in industry after industry from the textile trades of New England to the needle trades of New York and the mines and furnaces of Pennsylvania and Illinois, it is the immigrants who have organized in unions and won decent wage standards at times when regions without immigrants were most backward in unionization and stood lowest in the list of wage scales."

Although our knowledge of the business cycle is imperfect, we do know that newcomers — potential customers who need homes, food and clothing — stimulate capital expansion, which affects the economy as adrenalin does the heart.

This article has been confined to the facts made available by scientific

research on the three points most often advanced by opponents of continued or expanded immigration. There is, of course, much more to the question than facts and figures: human beings are involved.

In Europe today there are approximately 850,000 displaced persons. They are in danger of being added to the toll of permanent victims of the war. Some cannot or will not return to the countries of their origin because of religious, and others because of political, persecution. Contrary to popular assumption, the Jews among them are distinctly in the minority.

Exact figures are hard to obtain, but the best estimates are that by religion the breakdown is 500,000 Catholics and 100,000 Protestants, with the remainder Jewish. By country of origin, according to UNRRA figures, they include 319,680 Poles, 177,200 from the Baltic States and 30,000 Yugoslavs who refuse to return to their Russian-dominated or -annexed countries.

Our immigration laws permit the entry of 153,879 immigrants each year in quotas based on the proportion of the population each nationality comprised as of 1920. That is to say, the laws are really racial laws, whether we like to call them so or not. They were meant to limit the entry of "undesirables" from Eastern Europe, and encourage immigration from "Anglo-Saxon" countries. Thus the annual quota for immigrants from Central and Eastern Europe, ex-

clusive of Germany, is 24,000; for the British Isles and Germany it is about 110,000.

It is clear that the quota specifications bear little relevance to the needs of would-be immigrants in Europe. Fewer than 300,000 refugees came to the United States between 1933 and 1945. For the year ending June 30, 1945 the total number of immigrants was only 35,000. Various suggestions have been advanced to meet the current situation in Europe, among them a plan for abolition of the racist quotas and allowing the full legal

number of 150,000 to enter each year, without restriction as to country of origin, until the pressure of DPs in Europe is lessened.

It is not intended here to go into the merits of this proposal and others which have been made, other than to make one point: the United States can open its door wide to the homeless of Europe without fear that their coming will boost our criminal rate, depress our educational level and threaten American workers with unemployment. It is time those old canards were laid to rest forever.

SUMMER GIRL

BY WILBERT SNOW

I saw her standing in a bed of fern,
A blackberry to her lips, close by the sea,
Gold hair, blue eyes, bronze face as flashing-free
As white gulls skimming near. The foaming churn
Of breakers at her feet where each in turn
Rolled up and broke, broke and rolled tirelessly,
Furrowed my spirit into reverie
Of the foam-born goddess toward whom all men yearn.

I know not what glad thoughts were hers; I know
The mingled scent of fern and redolent fir,
The freedom of white gulls and waves that blow
A joy through sailors' spirits, lifted her
Into the region where, Greek legends hold,
Love came to earth upon a strand of gold.

LITERACY TESTS: SOUTHERN STYLE

BY JACK H. POLLACK

SINCE the Civil War most Southern states, at one time or another, have used economic pressures, white primaries, poll taxes, "grandfather clauses," intimidation and even outright violence to keep the ballot from Negroes. It is now more than a generation since Mississippi Senator James K. Vardaman shamelessly shouted: "I am just as much opposed to Booker T. Washington as a voter with all his Anglo-Saxon re-enforcements as I am to the cocoanut-headed, chocolate-colored typical little coon who blacks my shoes every morning. Neither is fit to perform the supreme function of citizenship." And long before Senator Bilbo's widely ballyhooed campaign last year — "the best way to keep the nigger from voting is to see him the night before election" — the visible or implied warning sign at Southern polling places was: "Negroes, Vote at Your Own Risk."

Should any of these threats and dodges fail to discourage persistent Negro ballot-seekers, Dixie voting officials have one trump card with which to disfranchise them. It is a tricky "literacy test," which has been used increasingly of late against

Negroes — and even some whites who are union members. Though not all Southern states use this artifice, most of them are legally authorized to do so by discriminatory amendments in their state constitutions. Some of the states which set forth literacy requirements for voters exempt Confederate veterans and their "lawful descendants."

Before a Southern Negro is allowed to vote, he must often be "approved" by a (white) Board of Registrars, a Board which proves difficult to locate in many county areas. Some rural registrars even keep their registration books at their homes; and in Arlington County, Virginia — which is adjacent to our nation's capital — at least one precinct's registration place is situated in a white woman's front parlor: the applicant will find a bellicose husband and a ferocious-looking police dog standing by during "registration." It takes an exceedingly brave Negro to brave these barriers.

Other registration places are in county courthouses, which Negroes also have trouble entering. A frequent ruse is not to furnish seats for Negro applicants in the Board of Registrars'

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office. In Mississippi, as the Bilbo hearings revealed, Negroes are often turned away for being "loaded with liquor" or for carrying an imaginary "concealed weapon."

After filling out the necessary forms — and paying their poll tax where it is required — white applicants are usually automatically approved. But Negroes, even after meeting all other requirements, must pass the "literacy test." The Southern quizmasters conducting them are given sweeping interrogatory powers by their respective state statutes.

For example, Mississippi law requires "a reasonable interpretation" of the Constitution by the would-be voter, and registrars have made the most of this loophole. Clifford R. Fields, a 62-year-old Natchez registrar and a white primary diehard, confessed: "I asked Negroes to read sections of the Constitution of the state of Mississippi where it explains the re-election of the Governor. I did not require it of whites."

"Do you think it fair to make it harder for a colored person to vote than a white person?" Republican Senator Bridges asked.

"Yes, I think so," replied Fields.

Another Mississippi registrar, circuit clerk D. P. Gayden of Rankin County, testified: "No, sir, I don't keep any qualified Negroes from voting. I know my duty under the law." Asked why in that event only a handful of Negroes were registered in his county, he smilingly explained: "They just don't try to qualify."

II

Despite the opposition of liberal Governor Folsom, Alabama took a long step backward in November 1946 when it passed the Boswell Amendment, requiring voting applicants to "understand and explain" any section of the U. S. Constitution *to the satisfaction* of the Board of Registrars. Outgoing Governor Sparks confided that this tightening of voting requirements would "prevent a flood of Negro registration."

Named after its author, State Representative E. C. Boswell of Geneva, the Boswell Amendment was an attempt to circumvent a 1944 Supreme Court decision which had ruled the Texas white primary unconstitutional. Ex-Governor Frank H. Dixon stumped the state for it crying, "We face the elimination of our segregation laws, zoning laws . . . we will see our children in mixed schools, our legislature with Negro minorities, our juries of mixed races — should we fail to pass the Boswell Amendment." State Democratic Committee Chairman Gessner McCorvey was quoted by the Associated Press as asking that "only properly qualified persons register."

Designed to keep the crucial Democratic primary predominantly white and to get around the Supreme Court ruling, the Boswell Amendment requires the prospective voter to be a Constitutional authority. He must be able not only to read, write and interpret but also "understand and

explain the Constitution" as well as be "of good character," and understand "the duties and obligations of good citizenship." Under the Boswell Amendment, as Stetson Kennedy (the author of *Southern Exposure*) pointed out, "the machine-appointed registrars might conceivably go so far as to deny registration to Alabama's Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black on the grounds that he did not 'understand and explain' the Constitution to their satisfaction, or was not of 'good character' or did not 'understand the duties and obligations of good citizenship.' "

Illustrative of the mentality which sponsored the Boswell law is the statement of Roy Harris, political mentor of Gene and Herman Talmadge: "If our system is held unconstitutional, we will change the law at the next session of the legislature — by only a period or comma. If the Supreme Court invalidates that law, too, then we will rewrite it again for the next primary. That will go on *ad infinitum*."

Voting in Alabama has never been easy for Negroes. During the 1946 primary election — several months before the Boswell Amendment was enacted — more than a hundred Birmingham Negro World War II veterans marched in double file to the Jefferson County Courthouse, to present their discharge papers as evidence of "literacy." The vast majority was rejected. Among those turned down were Negro officers, many with high school and college training, property owners and opera-

tors of successful businesses. They were asked such questions as: "What kind of government have we?"; "How is a Congressman elected?"; "What must a political party do to win?"

Though the building's façade bore an inscription quoted from Jefferson, proclaiming "equal and exact justice to all men," veteran after veteran was disqualified for inability to "interpret" the Constitution to the Board's satisfaction. After trying to interpret it, they were told, "If you're registered, you'll hear from us. We're taking your application under advisement." In most cases, that was the last they heard.

The most common "question" used in Southern "literacy tests" is: "Read, repeat, or interpret the Federal or State Constitution." This question has been used so often that many Negro teachers are training their students to recite both constitutions parrot-like, until they know them letter-perfect. But as one Georgia official reflected, "Negroes can still be required to write the Constitution and then be disqualified if they leave out any commas."

Barred for years on these grounds, a South Carolina Negro decided to memorize the entire Federal and State Constitutions — with all the punctuation. Though he finally came to know both documents far better than his examiners, he was turned down because the registrar was permitted, under his broad powers, to insist that the Constitution be recited in Chinese.

However, one Alabama Negro college graduate reputedly upset the appercart. As Louis E. Burnham, secretary of the Southern Negro Youth Congress, tells the story, he was asked to recite the preamble to the Constitution. Clearing his throat and gathering his thoughts, he began, "Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers . . ."; and ended grandiloquently with ". . . government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Stunned by the applicant's fluency, the three registrars exchanged incredulous glances. Finally, the chairman slapped his thigh, hit the bull's-eye in the spittoon and exclaimed, "Doggone, if he don' know that there Constitution! Let's pass him, boys!"

III

Next to the Constitutional bogey, the most frequent trap "question" in Southern literacy tests is to translate — and spell correctly — obscure Latin phrases. A Negro veteran who recently tried to register in Jackson, Mississippi was asked, "What is the meaning of *Itar, E. Quar Tum Entertia Ventricular?*" Shortly afterwards, another Negro was asked, "What does a writ of *Certiorari, Writ Error Coraim Nobis, Subpoena Duces Tecum* mean?"

The richest Negro in Mississippi, according to Walter Winchell, is Dr. S. D. Redmond of Jackson, who reveals that registrars reject Negro applicants for not properly answering such "intelligent questions" as "Boy,

what's the meaning of *delicut status quo rendum hutt?*"

If the bewildered applicant ponders the phrase, the registrar continues: "Maybe that's too hard for you. Here's an easy one. If the angle plus the hypotenuse equals the subdivided of the fraction, then how many children did your mother miss having?" Should the applicant by some miracle answer this successfully, the registrar will snap: "Boy, since you're so smart, tell me what's going to happen to you if you don't get the hell out of here!"

During the Bilbo hearings in Mississippi, a stream of Negro war veterans testified that they were barred from voting by such questions as "What is a writ of habeas corpus?" and "What is an *ex post facto* law?" A Jackson Negro attempting to register was greeted with: "Now let's see whether you're up on your civics. What does *ipso facto* mean?"

"That means I don't vote," replied the Negro, departing.

Another Jackson Negro, Herman L. Caston, testified that while he was pondering a "question" about slavery, he was told, "It doesn't matter how you answer, it still won't be satisfactory to me." A Louisville, Mississippi Negro, John L. Hatchorn, though deemed eligible, was advised: "Take it easy, boy. You're not gonna vote in this here election." Of the 350,000 Mississippi Negroes eligible, only about 3000 were allowed to register — and even that small number made some whites uneasy.

Reverend C. M. Eiland, a 52-year-old Mississippi Negro Baptist minister testified with almost classic understatement: "My father was a slave, and when he was freed, bought property and paid taxes. I have paid taxes for 25 years. I've never been arrested or in any kind of trouble. I sort of feel that as a citizen, I ought to have the right to vote."

In Alabama, during the 1944 registration, George S. Mitchell of the Southern Regional Council was given circumstantial accounts of the questions Birmingham registrars asked of a Negro woman school teacher. One trick question was, "How many rooms does the White House have?" She was allowed to leave, looked it up and returned with the correct answer, but was still refused registration. Aubrey Williams, editor-publisher of the Montgomery, Alabama, *Southern Farmer* reports that some applicants have been asked, "How many *windows* does the White House have?"

But the prize Alabama story concerns Jessie L. Dennis, a decorated Negro war hero who was asked during last year's Alabama primary: "What is the Government?" "The Government is the people," he answered with classic simplicity.

His answer was counted wrong and he was told to apply at the next registration.

Even in North Carolina, perhaps the most progressive Southern state, where registrars are given five cents for every person registered, attempts are made to keep down the number of

voters through "literacy" devices, especially in the rural areas. The state constitution requires that the applicant "satisfy" the registrar as to his eligibility. A group of Negro citizens in a small coastal town in Pamlico County wrote to secretary Mary Price of the Committee for North Carolina in Greensboro:

When eight of us went to register this is what happened. The man said we would have to read and write any parts of the Constitution and answer any question that he might ask. We said that we were prepared to do so. He then changed and said that he would have to appoint a day, call a judge and we would have to answer him to satisfaction. We asked him to set the date. He then changed and told us to come back to the building in one and one-half hours. We returned at the hour named and he told us that each one would have to write five pages of the Constitution of the U. S. When we began to write, he left the room, after telling us beforehand that we would have to write before him. We had to write from Article I, Legislative Department (every word) to Treason, Sec. 3 under Art. III, Judicial Department. The white men who came with us stayed on the outside and made sport. Please help us. We want to try again to register.

Although ballot-seekers denied registration on "literacy" grounds can usually appeal to the courts, they rarely if ever do. Among other difficulties, the election is generally over before a decision can be rendered. Negro illiteracy in the South has been cut from 95 per cent in 1865 to 10 per cent in 1940, but you'd never know it from the enormous number of Negroes who have never been able to pass "literacy tests."

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That a man's best friend is his dog

Homespun philosophers agree that a man is his own worst enemy but they are divided as to who is his best friend. Some say it is his mother. Some say it is his dog. Some award the palm of amity to the mother during a man's boyhood and transfer it to the dog at his maturity.

All dogs in popular lore are "devoted" to their masters. Argus, who, after waiting for twenty years, greeted the disguised Odysseus upon his return with one feeble but happy wag and then dropped dead, has served for three thousand years as the great prototype. The thousands of dogs who every year bite their masters and the other thousands that run away are ignored, in the interest of the Brighter View, for the few who bring flowers to graves and will not be comforted. Two years ago a dog was observed in Austin, Texas, sitting on the sidewalk and regarding the gutter fixedly. Dogs in such a position can only, in popular lore, be waiting for their

masters. But since no master appeared to disturb the creature's reverie it was assumed that he must have met foul play, fallen, perhaps, down the very manhole that the faithful beast was surveying. No corpse was ever found but admirers brought the dog food and took his picture. *Life* gave him a two-page story. No conclusions were reached to mar the delightful vagueness of it all, but it was plainly felt that we were in the presence of the supernatural. A human being acting this way would have been jailed for vagrancy.

There are exceptions, unfortunately, to the rule of dogs' devotion. Twice in the past decade the St. Bernards of the Hospice from which the breed takes its name — the very archetype of canine devotion to man — have wantonly attacked and killed children. And watchdogs have been known to contemplate the murder of their masters with something akin to detachment. After a recent murder in Chicago, in which an aged man had been brutally killed by thieves, the *Chicago Sun* imported an expert dog

trainer, Michael von Motzeck, to attempt to explain why the murdered man's German shepherd dog, Rex, had not given his life in his master's defense. Although it was known that Rex had met the killers at the door, he had been found, unharmed, in an upstairs bathroom by the police when they arrived, a fact which had, apparently, shaken the *Sun's* city desk to the foundations of its credo. The expert soon explained all, however. The dog, he said, was trained to obey, so that when one of the murderers commanded him to go upstairs, he went. Thus what had seemed a weakness to the journalists was actually an excess of virtue and the murderer was revealed not only as one who would kill a defenseless, aged man but also as one who would take advantage of a dog. If he is caught it will go hard with him.

But whatever doubts there may be of the devotion of dogs to men, there can be none of the devotion of men to dogs. The manufacture of canned dog food is a major industry. Many well-to-do families spend as much on the vet as on the pediatrician. The production of little ornaments, comforts and gifts for dogs—rubber bones, sweaters, blankets and booties, miniature fire hydrants, deodorants, perfumes, brushes and manicure sets—runs into many millions annually. Estimates vary, but it is generally computed at about several times the sum that is spent on orphanages. Even after death our affection follows them. Every large city has a cemetery

for dogs, replete with markers and mausoleums. The Illinois Pet Cemetery, at Ontarioville, just outside the Chicago city limits, has over a thousand graves. Obsequies are conducted with the strictest decorum: one tiny casket had four small boys as pallbearers. There is no ribaldry and the dogs are protected in death from any degradation. The dog cemetery in Los Angeles, for instance, will not permit colored people to bury their dogs there.

That a porcupine can shoot his quills

The porcupine in *Hiawatha* that "Shot his shining quills like arrows" was merely behaving as any good literary porcupine should in confirming popular fallacies. The actual porcupine, however, is less gifted. His quills come loose easily but he can't eject them.

That our ancestors managed to rear dozens of children "without all the fuss and bother" that we expend on one or two

There are two errors in this often-heard assertion. The fact is that our ancestors didn't rear very many of their children at all. And they made a great deal of fuss and bother.

Until very recently more human beings died in infancy than ever grew up. Queen Anne had nineteen children, none of whom survived. A Committee of the House of Commons,

investigating the subject in 1765, found that only seven out of every hundred children under a year old in the care of the parishes survived. Mrs. Thrale, with every advantage that wealth could give, kept three out of twelve. Dr. Johnson comforted Boswell on the loss of an infant son with the reminder, that seems very harsh to modern ears, that in losing only one out of four he was keeping "more than his share."

So taken for granted was the death of children that beginners in the *McGuffey Readers* were urged to be kind to their little brothers and sisters because "they will soon be gone." And books of consolation for bereaved parents — for the poor things never seemed to get used to it — were as much in demand as books of psychiatric advice now are for harassed parents.

As for the fuss and bother, these myriad deaths did not come undreaded or pass unlamented. The tears were as hot for the tenth child as for the first. Furthermore, the large families destroyed women. Sometimes one wife would produce twelve or fourteen children, but it usually took two or three. And so there were desolate orphans, distraught widowers and exasperated stepmothers to add to the general stress.

But the chief instance in which our ancestors created enough furor to offset anything that we may be guilty of was in their everlasting nagging and to-do about children's souls and their sins. God, conceived of as an invisible

sadistic maniac with unlimited powers, was thought to have an especial aversion to children, to be snooping and prying all the time trying to get something on them. Children were bedeviled, bullied and threatened constantly and filled with agonizing fears over the most degraded superstitious nonsense.

That certain diseases are children's diseases and that children might as well have them and get them over with

Our stout-hearted parents used frequently to put a well child into bed with a sick child with the deliberate intention of infecting the well child and "getting it over with." The theory was that the child would "get it anyway," that children's diseases are fairly harmless and that it was easier for the parents to handle them in job lots.

Many parents still hold to the old theory, though few definitely court infection any more. They argue that mumps, for instance, is more severe in an adult than in a child and that, therefore, it is better to have it while you are young.

That, of course, does not change the fact that it is best not to have it at all. "Children's" diseases (they can all be contracted by adults) are now perceived to be serious afflictions, serious in themselves and often the cause of more serious after-effects. Whooping cough, which our ancestors regarded as an inconvenience to the sufferer

and an annoyance to others, now causes more deaths among babies under one year than infantile paralysis, diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles all put together.

That homosexuals are always effeminate

There was nothing effeminate about Oscar Wilde. Homosexuality, of course, though still regarded as a crime by our barbaric laws, is a form of sickness and while in some cases it may be induced by physical feebleness or some glandular deficiency that suggests womanliness, it is not always so induced. Homosexuality is only an extreme manifestation of a duality of impulse latent in everyone. In "normal" persons the one impulse definitely preponderates. In many, where they are dangerously even, an attempt to keep that fact below the level of conscious awareness often leads to an excessive demonstration of the one socially acceptable. Thus an excess of belligerent virility, the so-called "masculine protest," is suspicious. A man, as Burns remarked, is a man; a he-man may be a pathological specimen.

Some persons seem to have masculine and feminine feelings, both strong to an unusual degree. Leonardo seems to have been one of these, Shelley another and Lord Nelson a third, all men highly masculine yet at the same time possessing a high degree of femininity without being effeminate.

That polite usages are mere shibboleths

It is an article of democratic faith that the customs of the rich, particularly their elaborate table settings and certain ways of eating, have no practical value but are devised solely to confuse and thus unmask interlopers. A bewildering array of eating utensils is set beside the plates to test the social proficiency of any Jiggs whose foolish Maggie has dragged him above his sphere.

Actually, oyster forks, salad forks, butter knives, fish knives, steak knives, coffee spoons, dessert spoons and soup spoons are highly efficient, each designed for a special purpose. And if you can afford to serve meals elaborate enough to need them and to hire someone else to wash them and put them away, they serve their purpose better than ordinary tableware.

The esthetic values of their use have perhaps the most "practical" appeal of all. Dr. W. B. Cannon has pointed out that the niceties of a delicately served meal conduce to better digestion and that better digestion conduces to health and longevity. The poor may get what comfort they can from laughing at this or that detail in the ways of the rich; the last laugh is with the rich who, as a score of needless surveys have shown, enjoy better health and live far longer than the poor.



LIFE AND TIMES OF NED BUNTLINE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

NED BUNTLINE invented the dime novel and wrote 410 of them to prove that a new art form had arrived. He also invented the character of "Buffalo Bill" and draped it on William F. Cody, who ever after lived in a thick fog of wonder, honestly incapable of discriminating between what actually had happened in his life and what Buntline swore had happened. Buntline's own life was more exciting than any of the fiction he wrote, and also gamier by far. He lived, as the phrase had it, a full life, and died at sixty-three, probably from the effects of extended lead poison from the many bullets still in his body when at last he turned his face toward the wall.

Ned Buntline was really Edward Zane Carroll Judson, born in 1823 in Stamford, New York, on a night, says one of his biographers, that was wild and fearful to behold, when the floodgates of heaven opened wide and added to the fury of a tremendous electric storm of such power as to make spectators tremble. This kind of night was much favored by biographers of the day to usher in the birth of an adventurous soul such as Judson was to become, and none more deserved a turbulent and tempestuous introduction than he.

Judson's father, Levi, was a stern

and unyielding man of old Yankee stock who tried to run his nineteenth-century home according to the rules and customs set up in Massachusetts Bay Colony two hundred years before. Young Judson did not like the restrictions. He loved to fish and hunt. His folks did manage to keep him in school for portions of a few years, but when his father told the son he was to study for the law, the boy ran off to Philadelphia and there shipped as a cabin boy for a trip around the Horn.

Young Judson liked the sea. On his return he enlisted as an apprentice in the United States Navy. For courage and resourcefulness in rescuing several members of the crew who had been run down in a long-boat by a Fulton Ferry steamer in the East River, he was commissioned midshipman by President Martin Van Buren. In 1842, after a number of escapades which had brought disciplinary measures, he resigned from the Navy. In the meantime, under the signature of Ned Buntline, he had written an account of an incident on shipboard which appeared as a small book, *The Captain's Pig*. The book made something of a noise and attracted the attention of Lewis Gaylord Clark, editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. For this pe-

riodical he did several more stories.

During 1843-44 Judson was probably where he claimed to have been — a sort of free-booting soldier and marine in the Seminole War. Next he appeared in the Far West as an employee of the Northwest Company, and claimed to have done a prodigious amount of hunting, killing many bison, mountain goats and a few grizzlies. He couldn't have been a commercial hunter very long, for in 1844 he started a periodical, *Ned Buntline's Own*, in Cincinnati. Apparently only one issue appeared. For the next six months he edited six numbers of Lucius Hines' bid for culture, *Western Literary Journal*, and then decamped, leaving Hines to pay the numerous bills.

Presently Judson turned up in Eddyville, Kentucky, where he married a woman described for posterity only as "Seberina," who died within a few weeks; and at Gallatin performed the notable feat of going into the woods to pursue three men wanted in connection with a particularly atrocious murder. He overtook two of them, tied them to trees, then went on to chase the third who, however, got away. Judson took the two wanted men to Gallatin and received six hundred dollars reward.

With the reward cash in his pocket, Judson went to Nashville, Tenn., and again tried the publishing business with a second version of *Ned Buntline's Own*, a sheet devoted largely to matter of a scandalous nature. It was not long, however, before the venture was

interrupted by what he termed "distractions incident to moving the periodical to New York City." This was a gross understatement: the "distractions" actually referred to one Robert Porterfield, a quick-triggered scion of Southern nobility who accused Judson of tampering with the affections of Mrs. Porterfield. Mr. P. made the grievous error of waving a revolver while talking to Mr. Judson.

Now, if a man were quick enough, he might shoot Judson; but it did not do any good simply to display a gun, for Judson did not frighten easily, or at all. On this occasion he very promptly shot and killed Mr. Porterfield, then surrendered to the authorities, saying the killing was the result of a formal duel. While he was being arraigned in a Nashville courtroom, Porterfield's brother entered, shooting as he came, and putting three bullets into Judson. Not having a gun handy, Judson tore out of the courtroom and took refuge in a nearby hotel; and right behind him came Porterfield leading a mob. Bleeding from his wounds, and still unarmed, Judson was chased down the hotel corridor by the mob, then leaped out a third-story window and crashed onto the street.

Now the mob had him. They threw a rope over the beam of a sidewalk awning, and strung Ned Buntline Judson as high as Haman, though not quite so well. His neck failed to snap, and before he could quite strangle to death the sheriff cut him down and was permitted by the mob to cart

away what they believed to be the dead body of a loathsome Yankee.

Although Judson admitted his neck was a trifle sore, he appeared again in the courtroom, this time to face the grand jury, which refused to indict him. Thus were his Nashville "distractions" ended, and Judson gladly moved on to New York, where he rented a room on Spruce Street and resumed publication of *Ned Buntline's Own*. He also started turning out paperback books that sold for ten cents and presently became known as dime novels. Among the earliest were included *The Black Avenger*, *The Virgin of the Sun* and *The Volunteer*, all of which appeared in 1847. Judson was a fast worker.

In the meantime, Judson's periodical took on a new flavor. Instead of scandalmongering, Editor Judson came out strong for the Common Man, specifically the common, white, native American man who, so Judson said, must organize his kind or go down before the hordes of German and Irish immigrants then flooding the country. Taking on Marcus Cicero Stanley, one of the ornaments of the *National Police Gazette*, as an associate editor, Judson fanned the fears of native Americans with some of the hottest jingo literature of the period. With editorial, cartoon and fictional "news stories" masquerading as fact, he prepared the natives of the eastern states for the coming of the Native American or Know-Nothing political party, soon to sweep the nation.

During a few months in the Mexi-

can War period, Judson was away from New York and may well have been where he said he was — serving as a spy and scout in Mexico. One can never be sure about Judson. In any case, he was soon back in New York, beating his drum, this time with at least one specific menace with which to inflame his readers. The menace was a distinguished English actor named William C. Macready.

II

The Bowery idol of the 1840s was a native American actor, Edwin Forrest, a Herculean figure of a man with the voice of a bull and no little vanity, who had been certified at numerous banquets over the years as America's first man of the theatre. Incidentally, Forrest was also the first American actor to have invaded the British Isles, where he had been treated most hospitably by Macready, England's first tragedian, but had also been hissed on several occasions. And now, in 1849, Macready was making a tour of the United States, playing Shakespeare and other alleged highbrow plays. It might be pertinent to mention that Macready was probably as vain as Forrest and as quick of temper.

Editor Judson, as already noted, was using *Ned Buntline's Own* to muster native Americans against the damned foreigners. He had also, oddly enough, become something of a hero to the members of Mike Walsh's Empire Club, a Tammany Hall affiliate, by knocking cold a couple of Walsh's

gorillas in a Bowery barrel-house. Although a goodly portion of the lower levels of Tammany were "foreigners" who had been born in Ireland, Judson saw nothing inconsistent in using them for a demonstration against English foreigners. His periodical was presently pointing with horror to the fact that so-called Americans were paying money to see an English actor. This, he indicated, was subversive to the Republic.

Judson and Edwin Forrest had been warm friends for several years. Whether or not Forrest egged Judson into his attacks on Macready is not known. Judson was perfectly capable of finding his own targets anyway; and he proceeded to snipe at Macready as the Englishman toured New England and the midwest and, at last, in April of 1849, came to New York City. Here he was to fill an engagement at the new and rather swell Astor Place theatre, built the year before at the point of the triangle formed by Lafayette Place, Eighth Street and Astor Place. That same April Forrest was appearing at the Broadway theatre, near Pearl Street.

The Astor Place house had proved to be a white elephant. Its eighteen hundred seats were seldom filled, partly because of a rumor that you could not occupy a seat there unless you appeared in evening clothes. This was quite untrue, but the rumor is important because it helps to set the scene for what was about to happen by indicating the snooty reputation of the Astor Place house.

Editor Judson continued to remark in his periodical, and often in CAPITAL LETTERS, which semi-literates always find inflaming, that British actors were taking the bread out of honest American actors' mouths. On the morning of April 23, the day Macready was to open at the Astor Place, a leading plug-ugly of the Empire Club was on hand, when the box office opened, to purchase fifty tickets; and all day long men who did not look like Astor Place habitués continued to buy tickets in twos, in fours, and in dozens. When the curtain went up that night on *Macbeth* a drama critic present remarked that at least one third of the audience patently did not belong there.

Macready made his first appearance in the third scene. Eggs, old shoes, then chairs rained upon the stage, accompanied by cheers for Edwin Forrest and groans for Macready. After trying vainly to get on with the show, Macready rang down the curtain. The morning papers took Macready's side, and one of them said that Forrest was the instigator of the disturbance. As for Macready, he said he had had enough of New York; but when Washington Irving and a group of the city's most eminent men had signed a public petition, asking him to go on with his engagement, the actor agreed to resume.

On the day Macready was to reopen at the Astor Place house placards suddenly appeared on walls throughout Manhattan. They asked if Americans or Englishmen were to

rule New York, and went on to announce that the crew of a British Cunarder then in port had threatened all Americans "who shall dare to express their opinions this night at the English Aristocratic Opera House," by which the Astor Place theatre was meant. Then the placards sounded the tocsin: "Workingmen, Freemen, Stand by Your Rights!"

It is possible, even probable, that Judson wrote and published the placards. Incidentally, there was absolutely no truth in the allegation about the British sailors.

The Astor Place management, however, prepared for trouble. They battened down the hatches as well as possible, boarding up the theatre windows and asking the city for a detail of 200 policemen. Somebody in authority also called for troops, and a regiment of militia took up positions in the street.

The performance opened with every seat filled. Mr. Bennett's man from the *Herald* noted that only seven of the eighteen hundred seats were occupied by women. This was to be an evening for males. Heckling began as soon as the curtain went up. The cops pulled the hecklers from their seats and took them to the theatre basement, where a sort of guard room had been improvised. On went the show, with only minor disturbances until, suddenly, the planks over one of the windows gave way and cobble stones rained into the house from the street. Outside a vast mob was on the loose. Beaten with clubs and stones,

the militia at last opened fire in deadly earnest. The mob broke and dispersed, leaving twenty-three dead or dying in the street, and twice as many wounded. Among the hundred or so persons arrested was Editor Judson, who denounced what he termed interference with a gentleman of the working press.

Actor Macready was smuggled out the stage door in disguise, then mounted a horse and rode as fast as he could to New Rochelle. From there, next day, he went to Boston, and so home to England.

For a man who ordinarily was both vocal and eloquent, Judson acted in an odd manner at his trial, at which he was charged with inciting and leading the attack on the theatre. He refused to take the witness stand. He was found guilty and fined \$250, and received sentence of a year in the jail on Blackwell's Island. Throughout his incarceration Judson remained a hero to the Bowery boys, and his release was an event of the first magnitude. He was met at the door of the jail by an immense crowd, many of whose members had managed to struggle into clean shirts with neckties. Two brass bands played exultantly. This escort saw Judson safely back in Manhattan where a monster testimonial banquet was staged, with oratory until all hours.

III

Judson now became a leading organizer of the Native American or Know-Nothing party, which offered candi-

dates for every office in the land from county sheriff to President of the United States. He went to St. Louis in 1852 to "help" with a city election there, and was presently indicted for causing a riot during which a number of citizens were killed, two houses burned and much other property destroyed. He got out of this jam by skipping bail.

When the Know-Nothing party collapsed in 1856, Judson bought some wild land in the Adirondacks and there built a big house which he called the Eagle's Nest and which he used as headquarters for many hunting and fishing expeditions. Meanwhile, he had continued to turn out dime novels by the bale — *The Mysteries and Miseries of New York, Cruisings Afloat and Ashore, The Red Avenger, Life on the Plains* and many others.

During this period he once wrote a book of 610 pages in sixty-two hours, neither eating nor sleeping until it was done. He told a friend he always thought up a good title for a story, then wrote the story, swiftly. "I take a bound book of blank paper," he said, "then set my title at the head of it. I push ahead as fast as I can, never blotting out anything and never making a correction or a modification. . . . If a book does not suit me when I have finished with it, I simply throw it into the fire, and begin all over again without reference to the discarded text." Judson earned a lot of money by this method.

He got into the Civil War rather

late, enlisting in September of 1862 in the First New York Mounted Rifles. His war record is quite obscure, but it is certain he was discharged in August of 1864 on a War Department special order. His record was "thoroughly discreditable." Upon discharge he set out at once for New York where he announced to his many admirers he had served in the war "as chief of scouts with the rank of colonel." Thereafter he was known as Colonel Judson.

In 1869 Colonel Judson performed the greatest service of his long and busy career. On a buffalo hunt out of Fort McPherson, Neb., he met a tall, lithe, unknown and very handsome plainsman named William Frederick Cody. Judson was charmed, and presently Cody became Buffalo Bill, the remarkable hero of a remarkable series of stories by Ned Buntline. A bit later Judson persuaded Cody to meet him in Chicago. Here, in the space of four hours, Judson wrote a whole play, "The Scouts of the Prairies," rehearsed it twice, engaged a theatre, and produced a show featuring Buffalo Bill that ran, in Chicago and New York combined, for more than two years.

When the run was over, Buffalo Bill was a national character, a glorious symbol of Frontier America, and so he remained until his death almost half a century later, a creature out of the uninhibited imagination of Colonel Judson, alias Ned Buntline.

Judson lived on until 1886, still writing tripe at the Eagle's Nest, still

fishing and hunting and entertaining lavishly. His character must have been more than commonly filled with confictions, for his friends and enemies were both many and staunch. He appears to have been a good friend himself, and an implacable enemy. He was, said Fred M. Pond (Will Wildwood), who knew him well, a big-hearted, genial and always entertaining soul.

Judson died with his boots off, as nearly as I can surmise from various accounts, from a large number of

bullets which had at various times been shot into him by outlaws, mobsters, assorted gangsters, Confederate soldiers, Indians, and relatives or husbands of seduced maidens and wives. There were also a few complications, including sciatica, angina pectoris and liver complaint. Taken all together, they were enough to lay him by the heels who was apparently immune to hemp and hot lead. At least two of his four wives survived him, and so did the most magnificent character he had ever created, Buffalo Bill.

THE POOL

BY BIANCA BRADBURY

Be still, be like a pool.
The brook runs all the day,
Skipping, glinting and flighty,
And nothing to say.

The pool snares fern-fringed skies
In its possessive mirror,
And what it holds in its clear depths
It holds forever.

Be patient, like the pool.
Let beauty come
And curl inside your waiting heart
And be at home.

PIONEER IN DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION

BY SAMUEL MIDDLEBROOK

WE HAD best begin by making a distinction. City College of New York — briefly known as City College or CCNY, Alma Mater to more than 30,000 students and this year celebrating its hundredth birthday — is not to be confused with New York University, as non-New Yorkers often do; and it must be distinguished from the College of the City of New York, which is the official collective title of New York City's four municipal colleges. CCNY is one of those four, the other three being Hunter, Brooklyn and Queens Colleges. It is no exaggeration to say that it is unique among the colleges of the United States and on many counts one of the great undergraduate schools of the world.

You will find CCNY at Convent Avenue and 140th Street in Upper Manhattan. There, an anchor-shaped Gothic pile sits on the edge of a bluff overlooking the Harlem River. Riders of a northbound No. 3 Fifth Avenue bus can see this edifice, partly screened by a row of WPA tool sheds once painted green to match the grass supposed to grow on a campus. West

of the avenue they find a bracket of smaller buildings, also Gothic except for a disguised smokestack. To the north of the main building an unfinished library rises gauntly out of a hole gnawed into the bluff. The rest of the hole is crammed, like the crater of a mine pit, with anthracite. To the south is the blank concrete wall of Lewisohn Stadium; and across the crest of Amsterdam Avenue, a block further west, a red brick building which was formerly an orphanage trails down the hill to Broadway.

This varied architectural group is now the home of the oldest free municipal college in the United States, maybe in the world. A pioneer in democracy in higher education, it has never received unmixed cheers from all the citizens whose taxes support it, or from its staff, or from its students and alumni. On the whole, it is safe to say that CCNY has been admired more often than loved.

II

City College was the brainchild of Townsend Harris, a diplomat, one of the creators of modern Japan, who

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was president of the Board of Education in New York City in 1846. He dreamed of a "Free Academy" of collegiate studies open to all young males of the city who were properly prepared.

"The project excited the opposition," says the *Dictionary of American Biography*, "not only of the friends of Columbia and the University of New York, private institutions charging tuition, but also of those who were disposed to view with disfavor the higher education of the masses. Almost single handed . . . Harris carried through the necessary legislation. . . ." Harris asked the citizens to vote on the question of free public higher education paid for by the municipality rather than the state. He won overwhelmingly (19,455 to 3409) despite groans from larger taxpayers.

The opening address to the 143 students of the first class sounded the most typical note of the college's next century: a welcome to all qualified residents of the city regardless of race, religion or social and economic background. It won the right to grant degrees in 1853. In 1866 it dropped the charity-school term "Free Academy" for "College of the City of New York," and this in 1927 was changed to "City College of New York."

Throughout its history City College has had to buck prevailing Eastern United States attitudes toward higher education. In the Eastern or "Ivy League" circuit of the country, college or professional

training is not thought of as a right that the state makes available to all qualified young citizens. Until the passage of the "GI Bill of Rights" it was a privilege largely kept for private or semi-private bodies to bestow. This was especially true in New York, which has long ranked almost at the bottom of all the states in its support of public higher education. The dangers of leaving these public affairs entirely in private hands have been told by Dr. Frank Kingdon and Dr. Dan W. Dodson in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* and have prompted hearings before a committee of the New York City Council. The Mayor's Committee on Unity in New York City, born of a wartime awareness of the dangers of religious and racial hatreds, has compiled shocking figures of growing discrimination against Negroes, Jews and Catholics in colleges and professional schools.

To its everlasting credit City College has dismissed the hocus-pocus of quota problems in schools by focusing its emphasis on brains, which are located below the skin and betray indifference to the creeds of one's ancestors. It is perhaps ironic to note that the quotas set by private institutions of higher learning in the United States have had the effect of keeping the quality of the student body in New York's municipal colleges very high. Recruited on a merit basis from the upper quartile of the city's public high schools, the students are younger than the national average

and come out at the top in standardized achievement tests. They are often bumptiously aware of their records: it is a common boast that when a City boy flunks out and goes somewhere else he raises the academic level of both places.

The percentage of Jewish students in City College is well over 75 per cent, and the remaining student group contains mostly non- "Anglo-Saxon" names. Were quota systems dropped all over the country, the City College might lose a number of romantics who visualize college life through a Hollywood haze, but I should guess that the proportion of Jewish students would remain higher than their ratio in the population of New York, because of the Jewish cultural tradition of the sacredness of scholarship. (I hope so, because it's part of my job as a teacher to believe in the sacredness of scholarship myself.)

Since many of the students come from poor families of recent immigrant stock, they could not afford college if tuition were exacted. These families seek to raise their economic or social level through the efforts of their children. So a flame of competitive ambition is kindled in many undergraduates which is destructive of their peace of mind and guaranteed to raise sweat on the brow of a conscientious new instructor. He finds that a low grade is not a student's private affair but a family catastrophe. The counterpart of Heywood Broun's "man who dropped the punt" at Harvard during a Yale game exists at

City College: he is the boy whose inexplicable D in a biology course blasted his already desperate hopes of getting into a medical school. One father, who came to see me about his erring son's C in a certain course, wept and in broken English complained that his boy should try for the college athletic squad: "*Fussball!* It's for yokels in the street. He wants to play with the feet when I tell him to work with the head."

III

If you are poor and bright and ambitious, if you can spot a phony at forty yards and have a name that would, at first, sound odd in a small town, you are unhappy about things as they are. You want to change yourself or the world or, better still, both together. And you are sure to be denounced by many conservatives and all demagogues, of whom New York has its share. So with City College, which Daughters of the American Revolution are likely to regard as the Ellis Island of American higher education — forgetting how much more valid a symbol of Americanism Ellis Island is than Plymouth Rock.

When, as a student, you hear of the achievements of City College men before your day — a Felix Frankfurter on the Supreme Court; a Robert Wagner in the Senate; a Bernard Baruch crowning a long career of success by trying to tame the Atom Bomb; or an Upton Sinclair admitting he is the most widely read author in the world — you may smile

but not be surprised. These are marks for you to shoot at.

But the young man in a hurry is not loved. He collects tart words in many places. I recall a few. A Columbia professor told me: "At Columbia we are High Church in feeling; and NYU represents vanished middle-class Dissent; but you at the City College, you are missionaries to the cultural heathen."

The judge of our Supreme Court bench in New York, on excusing me from jury duty: "Go back to those young blankety-blanks; teach them manners and not to forget that traffic and the courts both keep to the right in this country, thank God!" A new staff member, first facing the hurdles of the academic life, more complicated and "rank happy" in the municipal colleges than in any other place in the country, once lamented to me that he was in "an academic slum" where staff and students annoyed him equally: "They are rude, crude and utterly remorseless." That "they" — or we — were also utterly human eluded him.

When Sinclair Lewis rewrote *Babbalanza* upside down in a weak book called *The Prodigal Parents*, the villain of the story was one Eugene Silga, alumnus of CCNY and a Communist. It was a bad caricature, for academic gossip during our "Red decade" insisted that Lewis' own college, Yale, was outranked in its number of young Party-liners only by Harvard. Hard money and a soft head were the hallmark of many "intellectual" slum-

mers who discovered Communism. Save for a noisy minority, at City College it was a luxury that realistic youths, who had to earn their way all the way through life, simply could not afford.

Readers of the Hearst and Patterson papers of New York were warned to fear the college in the 1930s. A heavy-handed president, Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, got embroiled in bitter quarrels with his student body. He met a delegation of them on Convent Avenue and was said to have wielded an umbrella on their backs. He denied it, but his umbrella was as famous in New York as Neville Chamberlain's in London. City College has had milder prexies since Dr. Robinson's retirement in 1938; and though militant pacifism was a keynote of the rebellion against Dr. Robinson, more than 16,000 alumni — mostly from the very student generations that opposed military training because *he* liked it — saw service in our Armed Forces.

Like the Robinson tempests was the Bertrand Russell ruckus later on. This genial aristocrat, who has divided his life between mathematical philosophy on the level of an Einstein and the more obvious fun of kicking the sacred cows of the Western world, has had very public doubts about monogamy, war, millionaires, immortality and lots more. He was appointed by the Board of Higher Education of New York to teach at City College a course or two of impeccable propriety and — sup-

posedly — of astounding erudition. The courses were to be open only to upperclassmen with the most brilliant records.

But Mr. William Randolph Hearst, along with tradition-minded New Yorkers nearer the scene, was distressed. A Brooklyn housewife entered a taxpayer's suit to restrain the Board of Higher Education from possibly corrupting her daughter (prevented in any case by her sex from joining the School of Liberal Arts of City College) by exposing her to the Russell wiles. A Brooklyn jurist of a lower court found for the plaintiff in an opinion that mortified the more scholarly members of the bar. The American Civil Liberties Union and a host of liberals jumped in on the side of Russell. The Board stood by its appointment, and a glorious row was promised all around.

Then mayor LaGuardia, whom nobody has ever accused of being unable to count votes, abolished the post which Russell had been called to but not yet established in. Legally, nothing was left to fight over. A few baffled citizens and the more curious undergraduates ran through Russell's *Marriage and Morals* lest they should have missed anything spicy.

IV

Partly as a result of the Robinson-Russell antics, long nurtured suspicions of the college hatched into an expensive grilling of all the municipal colleges by the state legislature. This process was called the Rapp-Coudert

Investigation after the names of its two legislative sponsors.

The inquiry had two phases: one the delight of the tabloids, the other pretty well ignored. The first was a drive against Communists; it led to the resignations or dismissals of a small number of men from the municipal colleges that have a combined staff of several thousand teachers. The victims were, so far as I know, confirmed leftists who never once legally raised the issue of whether an admitted Communist could teach in an American public institution.

The second phase was a series of recommendations called the "Strayer Report" after its chief sponsor, Professor George D. Strayer of Teachers College, Columbia. Because it stressed some of the absurdities of administrative interference by ex-Mayor LaGuardia, it was met by a ferocious blast from City Hall. The Mayor dismissed its authors as small-time, out-of-town hick meddlers — a statement the teachers thought typical of Mr. LaGuardia's approach to educational statesmanship. Since the Mayor's contribution to staff morale in the colleges included an eight-year famine of promotions, the retention of a hierarchy of ranks even more absurd than the usual one in colleges, and a refusal to see that he was not saving money by these antics, the teachers found his three terms in office an educational disaster.

In the thirties and after, many boys at the college worried over the reputation for radicalism thrust on the

school by its enemies and its brashest undergraduate spokesmen. Like the lamb in Aesop's fable of the lamb and the wolf, they might as well have saved their breath. The most "radical" opinions of a few on campus were the occasion rather than the cause for the dislike these boys so often found in business and professional circles.

The trouble was that they were newcomers in a twofold way. They were the brash young undergraduates whom conservative success the world over delights to snub. ("You can always tell a Harvard graduate but you can't tell him much.") Also, they or their parents represented the latest arrivals into this country and so were like people trying to crowd through the closing doors of a subway train. Those already inside were annoyed.

The snobberies these attitudes represent infect even their victims. In my own classes at CCNY I find most entering students yearning for the glamor of *any* tuition-charging private institution. They resent this college as "just another city high school higher up." I am tempted to define the materially successful City College graduate (or the typical distinguished New Yorker that successive mayors appoint to the Board of Higher Education) as the man who would rather be caught dead than send his own children to any one of New York's municipal schools. I know I have rarely met a City College graduate on intimate terms who did not at last confess some regret

that he had not attended some other college, not for "valid," grown-up reasons, but because of the hidden inferiorities a harsh urban life had stamped on him before he got there. He conquers these things but never forgets them; you can take the boy out of the city streets but not the city streets out of the boys.

Here is my own trial balance sheet between CCNY and the "name schools" or rural New England colleges that so many undergraduates or alumni dream about. Let's call the classroom instruction equal, though many "name schools" save their best teachers for graduate students and City boys or girls will teach themselves if given half a chance. Then come the imponderables so weighty to wistful youth: the dormitories (CCNY has none); the athletic teams (we lose in football on a Five Year Plan); a shaded campus (ours is a two-hundred-yard stretch of Convent Avenue); the chance of being tapped and sent to your room in some fantastic mummary (at City College your room is likely to be in a Staten Island walk-up apartment).

In brief, it may be a matter of which end of the family tree you represent: are you the roots of a family's prestige, as at CCNY; or are you its fruits, ripening in the quadrangles of New Haven or Cambridge? Either fate has the defects of its virtues: the roots may be grubby, the fruits rotten; and, as Socrates said of life and death, which of them is better God only knows.

v

These things are but pinpricks compared to the proved value of the City College to New York and the nation. Long ago the college burst the bonds of the rigid liberal arts curriculum it started with. In 1907 most of the institution moved uptown from Twenty-third Street in Manhattan. With physical expansion came special courses and extension programs. At the end of World War I a School of Technology was founded; it is now one of the largest in the country. Since 1936 its students have had a chance to proceed to the M.S. degree in the various branches of engineering.

In 1919 a School of Business and Civic Administration also arrived at the old downtown site — and with it the girls. Dissatisfied with the exclusive femininity of Hunter College, thousands of girls have infiltrated into every part of CCNY except the original College of Liberal Arts, to the great benefit of all concerned. The Business School also goes as far as the master's degree. The job of recruiting teachers for New York's colossal primary and secondary teaching systems led, in 1921, to the founding of a School of Education in the college.

The evening sessions of all these branches — with far more registrants than in the day sessions — would need a book to describe them. They provide college training for thousands of men and women from the factories or commercial establishments of New

York, snatching all too brief hours between work and sleep for whatever they feel will make life more meaningful, profitable or, too often, endurable. The academic death-rate of these students is terrific: only 5 to 8 per cent of them earn a diploma, as opposed to the 60 per cent of survivors among the daytime enrollees.

To the evening sessions have come, among others, refugees from all parts of the world. The hazards they have endured can be equaled only by the odd ways by which some of them now keep alive in a bright new world. I shall not forget the French matron who explained her tardiness to me one night in a class of "English for educated foreign-born." Dictionary in hand, she said in Gallic tones: "I am late, *Monsieur le professeur*, because I stinked — *non, non!* — I stank of zee *peace* of zee *mare!*" A shocked class explained that the lady and her husband, biochemists when abroad, now worked all day in Brooklyn extracting a certain hormone found in the urine of pregnant horses. After long hours of work in the laboratory she found a change of garments necessary to avoid pointed remarks from her fellow passengers on the subway to the college.

To the evening sessions come ever larger numbers of Negro students from adjacent Harlem. A half million Negroes in Harlem can see the Gothic towers of CCNY — and the sight must challenge the best and bravest of them. They will be received

casually and abstractedly, as all 30,000 undergraduates now are, but as much of the college is theirs as they care to win.

What of the future? Pushing up from the sidewalks of New York with a vitality not to be denied, a complete university will someday be founded on City College and its counterparts in the municipal system. It is already here in part. The staffs of the colleges and labor and various minority groups in New York advocate its completion for various reasons.

It will fill in the gaps at the top in the professional training of students in law, medicine, the pure sciences and the liberal arts. It will decrease the number of defeats for able students who frequently now find their

careers thwarted by being denied entrance into professional schools because of racial or social prejudices. And unless the social forces that call it into being also shift markedly, such a university will remain as unique in our Eastern scholastic life as the municipal colleges have been. It will be long on urban realism and short on ivy-covered traditions.

Its press relations can be forecast by quoting a recent anecdote concerning Bernard Shaw. Replying to information that there was a college in New York whose entrance requirements ignored race, color and creed and which charged no tuition fee, Shaw quipped by cable: "I never heard of the City College. New York should be ashamed of keeping me ignorant."

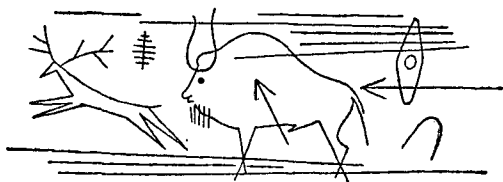
PHRASE ORIGINS—14

APPLE OF DISCORD: *All the gods and goddesses except Eris, the goddess of discord, had been invited to the wedding of Peleus and Thetis. Eris came without an invitation and in her anger threw among the guests a golden apple on which were inscribed the words: "To the fairest." Three goddesses, Juno, Venus and Minerva claimed the apple, whereupon Jupiter diplomatically sent the goddesses to Mount Ida. There a young shepherd, Paris, son of the king of Troy, was induced to judge the first beauty contest. His choice of Venus eventually led to the Trojan War, and so to throw the apple of discord means to stir up strife. The golden apple, incidentally, may have been an orange since the ancients called most fruits apples; even the famous apple of Eden is thought to have been a pomegranate.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



STICKLEBACKS

THERE has perhaps been quoted before, in this department of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, the observation once made by a farmer neighbor of mine, to whom I had had occasion to mention some arresting fact of natural history in connection with which I had said: "That's certainly a very strange thing, isn't it?" To this excited fatuity of mine, the ancient tiller of the soil to whom it was addressed made a reply which any naturalist (or any philosopher, for that matter) might do worse than paste in his hat. He said: "Well, yes, it *is* a strange thing; but then, it's no stranger than anything else."

Exactly so. That anything should exist at all is the wonder. Natural history — the facts, the fact of the existence, of this universe — makes one continuous astonishment, from the remote glitter of Betelgeuse to the domestic habits of the nearest termite in the woodwork. Nothing is any stranger than anything else. Nothing is any stranger, so to speak,

than the fact of everything. It is enormously queer, and ought to excite and somewhat frighten any man in his senses, that through the Mount Wilson telescope there are visible three hundred and nineteen million stars. But it is no less extraordinary, and ought no less to arouse that primary sense of wonder which is the foundation alike of poetry and of piety, that through even a moderately powerful microscope there are visible in one drop of common brook-water such a teeming populace of bacteria and animalcules as to constitute a whole universe in miniature.

Eric Gill has somewhere set down an amusing formula which he devised for recovering his sense of proportion whenever he found himself being frightened of a diminution into nothingness by some stupendous statistic of the astronomers. He found that it was necessary only to call to mind, on such occasions, some equally stupendous statistic — in the other direction — of the microscopists, and he could immediately recover his philosophical concept of himself as a

being more or less central in the scheme of things. His formula, with a lovely simplicity, he put down like this:

$$\frac{\text{Astronomy}}{\text{Microscopy}} = \text{As you were.}$$

No doubt it is actually because of this centrality of ours, or at least what seems to us to be such a central position, making us "man the measure," that some of the things in the universe seem to us so much odder than others. What is more or less like ourselves seems to us to be more or less close to the "normal" and expected. What is remoter and remoter from being like ourselves seems to us the more and more astonishing and bizarre. We make the seat of our judgment at a human bench. We do not put a fox or a horse into the category of the particularly amazing, because, after all, a fox and a horse both eat (approximately) the kinds of things we eat, and they both breed (more or less) after the fashion of human breeding, and they have a blood and an eye and a heart and a skin not too grossly dissimilar from ours; and there is nothing too completely queer about their size. What makes us gawk is a whale; because a bowhead whale weighs rather better than 150 tons, and has a body rather longer than the bodies of twenty men all put together, and has the improbable habit of living under water. What makes us gawk is a hummingbird, which not only can fly — as we ourselves can now do — but can fly backwards. What surprises us

is not (as it should be) the fact that there exist mammals at all, and birds at all, but the fact that there exists a mammal in Australia called a platypus, which has warm blood and hair like ourselves and which also has webbed feet and lays eggs like a duck.

Hence our astonishment over sticklebacks. Sticklebacks are only one of a great many kinds of small fish frequenting our brooks and bays and estuaries. Any and every one of the species should doubtless be an amazement to a true philosopher, or to my farmer neighbor above-quoted. But we take the minnows calmly. We are not in a daft rapture of astonishment over the little sunfish. The doings of the horned dace do not get sent to our *Believe It or Not* columns. Our amazement is reserved for the sticklebacks. It is reserved for them, really, on only one count. It is the habit, amongst our human kind, and amongst most of the kinds of animals, for the female to be the home-maker. Our image of domesticity is the human housewife, the lady turtle-dove, the female bird or beast taking the care of the home and taking thought for the little ones. It is the distinction of sticklebacks that in their domestic arrangements they exactly reverse this familiar pattern.

II

Stickleback eggs are just hatching out now, in the month of May. Those that come to maturity will be inconspicuous fish not more than three or four inches long; and there will be little

about them remarkable except their compressed ovoid bodies, the sharp spines on their backs which give them their tribal name, and a certain vigor and anger of personality which leads them to attack other fish, eat their eggs, and generally terrorize in a small way the life of the brook. All this would hardly earn them a reputation. Dragonflies are as fiercely voracious. Turtles are more spectacularly encased in armor. The shape of the body of a pickerel is a stranger shape. What makes sticklebacks as famous as they are is the manner of the nest-building and courtship which lead to the birth of the young sticklebacks now taking place in this May birth-month of the year.

In the early Spring the male stickleback begins to become even more mettlesome and challenging than usual. He attacks other males on sight, and engages them in battles almost as furious as those that take place among Siamese fighting-fish. He has been seized, in his obscure and doubtless subconscious fish-way, with the urge to courtship. He has begun to mark off a territory in the brook for his own and his family's. Battling off rivals, he presently selects a site among the grasses and water-weeds; and there he begins to build a nest. He has not yet mated. He is still wholly a solitary male. But the urge to homemaking wells up as "femininely" as in any creature of the opposite sex, and with a wonderful incongruity in any creature so fiercely and evenly furiously male.

Busily as a mother bird, the male stickleback swims in and out among the vegetation, bending a reed here, biting off the stem of a water-plant there, and all the while excreting from his kidneys a delicate filamentous strand wherewith he binds together the ingredients of the nest as deftly and surely as a spider spins its web. The nest the stickleback makes has often been compared to an igloo. When the fish has woven a firm ball (or, to be exact, a cylinder) of grasses and weed-stuff, and has affixed the intricate little structure to a reed-stem as effectively as an oriole guys its nest to the bending twigs of an elm branch, he seals up all the openings except one hole in the side. This is to be the doorway or entrance. The stickleback enlarges the bore of it, and smoothes its walls into final firmness, by repeatedly swimming in and out, in and out, pressing his head and body against the inside of the cylinder. At last the stickleback's home is completed to his satisfaction. Artfully placed against a background of grass stems and reed fibers, the little nest, dull greenish-brown and further camouflaged by wisps of algae, is very nearly invisible to any likely enemies. The male stickleback withdraws from the entrance hole for the last time, and swims out in search of a female stickleback to become, briefly, the mother of the establishment.

The male stickleback may pass by a good many females before he finds one properly prepared to respond to his approach. He requires a female with

eggs ripe for spawning. When finally he has found her, he makes address to her by swimming back and forth before her, nudging her, nuzzling her, and making every gesture within the possibilities of fish-enticement. Should all displays of blandishment fail, he may resort to a display of the ferocity which is more normal to his nature. Ordinarily he can lure his mate by wiles; but he may not uncommonly take her by what is more like a show of force and fury.

By one means or another, he drives or drives her to the little home he has built. He swims in and out of the doorway, while she watches, as in a gesture of wheedling and beseechment. Again, now, he may supplement endearment with a show of power: thrashing in the water, chivying her. She pokes her head inside the nest, ventures a little further in investigation; and is caught up by the biological drive and spell of the occasion. She must now perform what her nature demands of her. Inside the small nest she rests quietly, laying her eggs. While she is so engaged, the triumphant male stickleback swims around and around the nest, on guard.

When the female stickleback has deposited her eggs, her entire function in the domestic life of sticklebacks is at an end. The whole life of the tribe again reverts to the charge of the male. On the female's emergence from the nest, the male quickly enters

it to pour sperm upon the eggs. This done, he comes out at once and, should the female still be in the neighborhood, immediately flies furiously at her and drives her away forever.

The male stickleback may (indeed commonly does) fetch a whole succession of females to his nest, each to deposit a clutch of eggs there and each then to be driven away, before his urge to family-making becomes satisfied. When at last it does, he enters the nest and, as zealously as any broody mother bird, settles down to "mothering" the fertilized eggs until they hatch. It takes them about ten days to incubate, under the care of their peculiarly maternal father.

The usual, though not invariable, final chapter in the natural history of sticklebacks occurs just after the young have hatched, in about mid-May of our northeastern year. It makes a suitably unexpected and peculiar ending.

The male stickleback, his family duties done, falls upon his small nest as furiously as ever he attacks a fellow stickleback, and, with snapping jaws and thrashing body, tears it completely to pieces.

Ideally, no doubt, we ought all to agree with that composed farmer who insists that nothing is any stranger than anything else. In a naturalist's less philosophical moments, however, it is a temptation to make an exception of the stickleback.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER PROJECT

BY EUGENE RACHLIS

IN OCTOBER 1536, Jacques Cartier's quest for a northwest passage to the Orient via the St. Lawrence River came to an abrupt halt at the foaming rapids just outside Montreal. Today, more than 400 years later, those rapids still block all ocean-going traffic.

In an age of industrial miracles, the passage of the shoals on the upper St. Lawrence would seem a simple matter. Yet for decades the blueprints for the St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project have been gathering dust while proponents and antagonists joined hot but inconclusive battle. Supporters of the project contend that it will give the United States a fourth coastline by opening the Great Lakes ports to the Atlantic and will produce public power for millions of people; opponents say it will do nothing but cost American taxpayers untold millions and contribute to the downfall of the eastern railroad and shipping empires.

But not since 1897, when an American-Canadian Deep Waterways Commission reported the plan favorably, have the prospects for Congressional approval looked so bright. A subcommittee of the Senate Foreign

Relations Committee last year gave its approval to an executive agreement between the United States and Canada which calls for the construction of a waterway and power project on the St. Lawrence River, boundary of the two nations.

Had Franklin Roosevelt used the strategy now being employed when he first proposed the St. Lawrence project, ships might now be carrying cargo from the Great Lakes ports to the sea, and the people of upstate New York and northern New England might be enjoying cheap electric power. Instead of an executive agreement (which requires approval by a majority of House and Senate), such as has now been proposed, Roosevelt asked the Senate in 1934 to ratify the St. Lawrence proposals as a treaty. Though a majority favored the project, the treaty failed for lack of a two-thirds vote. Later, Roosevelt's supporters tacked enabling legislation on to an omnibus rivers and harbors bill, but the rider was defeated. Congressmen said they wanted to decide the St. Lawrence issue by itself, not as part of another bill.

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Postwar needs are adding to the arguments for the project, not the least of which is the employment it would create for thousands of war veterans and refugees from war industries. Army engineers estimate that construction alone will require four to six years and occupy the continual services of 7400 to 11,150 men. A lesser but sizable number would operate the completed project.

Another important argument, kept alive by the uncertain international situation, is that the St. Lawrence would be of inestimable value to national defense. The vast new power resources the project contemplates would turn war factories, both in Canada and the U. S.; new deep water ports would become available for the deployment of troops and matériel, eliminating transportation bottlenecks which plagued the services during the war. In rebuttal, the waterway's opponents point to the atomic bomb. One bomb or two, it is said, could wipe out the entire project. Since the same atomic cataclysm could befall almost everything else, this consideration is not being taken too seriously.

II

But the main argument for the project lies, as it has for fifty years, in its vast potentialities for American domestic and foreign commerce. The St. Lawrence Seaway would, in effect, give the United States a new seaboard to supplement our western, eastern and Gulf ports, with a resulting increase in commercial shipping.

This would mean savings for the Detroit automobile manufacturer when he sends his car to market, whether the buyer be on the East Coast or in Europe; similarly, it would reduce the costs of rubber and other imports — an economy which presumably will be reflected in lower automobile prices. For the midwestern farmers, a cheap all-water route would spell bigger profits for his produce. On all counts, the Midwest would become as important to American commerce as the East and West Coasts.

As for the power potential, this is considered so important to New York State alone that Governor Thomas E. Dewey has said he would push for a state agreement with Canada on that aspect of the St. Lawrence plan if the Federal government didn't act soon. The New York State Power Authority has figured that savings to all types of consumers in the state would run upwards of \$25,000,000 a year after the project is in operation. Northern New England would get a cut of the power melon too. And Department of Commerce officials say that in an emergency the power from the project could be transmitted as far west as Chicago, as far east as Boston, as far south as Washington. Of all the power plants now operating throughout the world, only Grand Coulee would surpass it.

These considerations prompted President Truman, like the five occupants of the White House before him, to come out unqualifiedly for the St. Lawrence project. The words were different but the sentiments were the

same. This time, the President could make references to "international co-operation [and] expanding foreign trade" as well as "domestic progress in commerce and industry."

These have become the new rallying cries for development of the Seaway. They are in line with America's new rôle in the world, a rôle which combines international cooperation and expanding foreign trade in order to realize the goals of the United Nations Charter and the Bretton Woods agreements.

Against this background, the forces at work in the St. Lawrence project are now showing their strength. There are weird alliances in these forces, for the St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project makes strange bedfellows.

There is Senator George Aiken, the mild-mannered Vermont Republican whose progressive record should make many a New Deal Democrat feel derelict in his duty. Over in the House, the man who does most of the talking for St. Lawrence is Representative John Rankin, the diminutive but tempestuous reactionary, whose major concerns are usually the maintenance of white supremacy and the destruction of Communism. The reason for this odd partnership is fairly simple. Aiken is a firm believer in public power. And in this case he has the added satisfaction of knowing that his Vermont constituents will also benefit. Rankin, many may recall, was a great public power man long before he took up the cudgels against un-American activities and aliens. Silent John still

takes pride in telling listeners that whenever a farmer down his way turns on the electric light, he murmurs, "Thank God for John Rankin."

But a Rankin-Aiken coalition is no stranger than some of the alliances in opposition to the project. It is probably the only instance in which John L. Lewis sees eye to eye with the mine owners.

The money being spent by the mine operators in propaganda devices to defeat the project matches the money spent by John L. and his United Mine Workers. No amount of statistics will dissuade the men whose earning power depends on coal from the conviction that the St. Lawrence Seaway will permit cheap British coal to compete with higher-priced American coal in Canada and the Midwest. The fact is that British mining methods are so expensive that even a cheap all-water route won't permit their coal to be sold for a lower price than ours. British boats can now unload at Montreal, but Canada buys infinitely more coal from America than she does from Britain.

On every public power project yet undertaken by the United States, the coal lobby has been in there fighting — against it. They still fear hydro-electric power will spell the end of steam-generated power plants, which feed on coal. But figures show that from 1934 to 1940 the amount of coal used in the area served by the Tennessee Valley Authority, the most controversial public power project yet undertaken, increased 250 per cent.

During the same period, coal consumption for the country as a whole increased 59 per cent.

Similarly, the railroad brotherhoods and the railroad operators are contributing to the shower of literature directed against the St. Lawrence project. The railroad people are not so outraged by the power aspects of the project; they are afraid of what navigation on the St. Lawrence might do to their payloads, especially between the Midwest and the Atlantic. Seaway backers contend that cheap water transportation would stimulate the shipment of some products which are not being shipped now because of high rail rates. Such shipments, they add, would represent an increase over and above any loss in traffic the railroads might possibly sustain.

Returning to the pro side of the Seaway controversy, such diverse groups as the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Chambers of Commerce of Detroit, Duluth and Toledo are in substantial agreement. On neither side of the struggle do party lines, regional divisions, or economic groupings hold. Political opposites like Presidents Coolidge and Roosevelt have agreed on it. Democrats and Republicans are found on both sides.

III

As peacetime projects go, the estimated outlay by the United States for the St. Lawrence Seaway is not large. The last War Department guess is that our part in this cooperative ven-

ture with Canada will cost us \$269,359,000. The physical problem involved is easy enough. There are 2350 miles of waterway between Duluth, Minnesota and Belle Isle, near Newfoundland, where the Atlantic Ocean and the St. Lawrence River meet. But no ocean-going vessel can traverse these two points. On 119 miles of this distance — about 5 per cent of it — there are obstructions which keep deep-water vessels out. It is to the removal of these obstructions that the St. Lawrence Seaway is dedicated. Once removed, not only Duluth, but Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee and other Lakes cities are destined to become sailors' ports.

Present plans to improve the 119 miles of channels between Ogdensburg, New York and Montreal call for the construction of dams, locks and canals at three rapids — the International, the Soulanges and the Lachine, where Cartier's voyage ended. A hydro-electric plant would be built at the International Rapids. There, a ninety-two-foot drop in the water would be harnessed to produce thirteen million kilowatt hours of electricity a year.

Although the proponents of the St. Lawrence feel that the obvious advantages of a fourth coastline and a giant power plant are enough to convince anyone, they cite an imposing list of corollary benefits which they say will flow from the project.

First of all, argue the Seaway's advocates, it will provide the stimulus for a large peacetime merchant marine.

There is no necessity, they say, for ships built during the war to lie rotting in shipyards, unused. New sea lanes will require more ships; these additional ships can be ours. This point has the backing of the United States Maritime Commission. Says the Commission:

Since the ships needed for naval and military auxiliaries in time of war or national emergency can only be maintained in normal times by absorption into the nation's foreign and domestic commerce, it is evident that any opportunity to provide for the expansion of the use of merchant vessels in normal trades is worthy of consideration. . . .

There can be little doubt that the projected Seaway would benefit ocean-going transportation in merchant vessels in both the foreign and domestic trades, since the Seaway would open to such vessels thousands of miles of additional coastline and would permit them direct access to one of the most highly industrialized and agriculturally prolific regions in the United States.

The utilization of merchant ships would result in a net saving to the American taxpayer whose war dollars bought the ships in the first place. Thus, although it won't appear on the St. Lawrence ledger, it would represent a reduction in the over-all cost of the project. In a recent analysis made through September 30, 1945, the Maritime Commission found that 1936 American ships, now forbidden by nature to traverse the narrow St. Lawrence channel, could do so if the project were completed as currently planned. The same holds true for the major portion of the world's fleet.

IV

To all this, the Seaway's enemies respond by assailing the navigability of the River. First, it is extremely hazardous, they maintain, and second, for five months of every year it would be locked by ice. But, proponents say, the admitted hazards involved in sailing the St. Lawrence number among the very conditions which would be remedied by enlarging existing channels. They call attention to a letter sent by Robert Dollar, founder of the Dollar Steamship Lines, to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee some time ago.

"Ships will certainly go to the Lakes for cargo," he said. "In fact, ships will go anywhere and everywhere to get cargoes. We have big ocean-going steamers running 1000 miles to the Yangtze River, where the current is very swift and navigation quite difficult, far more difficult than it would be going from Lake Superior to Montreal.

"When the canal is finished there is no more reason for doubting that ships will go from the ocean to the Great Lakes than there is that ships will go to any port on the Atlantic seaboard."

The fact that the Seaway would be blocked by ice for the five winter months has not been denied. Instead, it is pointed out that the other seven months are the most important shipping months of the year. Between May and December all other transport facilities are loaded to capacity, for

those are the months farmers are shipping their crops. With the Seaway to help carry the load, the United States would have an integrated transportation system. The St. Mary's Canal at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, for instance, is also icebound during the winter. But during the remaining seven months, more tonnage moves through it than is carried through the Panama or Suez Canals in the entire year.

Opposition of the big eastern cities is perhaps the greatest obstacle the St. Lawrence project has to overcome. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, New

Orleans and Baltimore — all great ports — frankly admit they don't want competition from cities like Chicago, Detroit and Duluth. Their representation in Congress is large enough to form a balance of power in the House of Representatives.

As the St. Lawrence battle reaches its climactic point, the forces on both sides are beginning to feel like people watching a movie beyond the point where they came in. They'll stick to their seats to the end, however, just in case someone has slipped into the projection room, switched the reels, and possibly changed the ending.

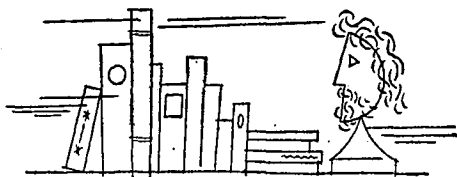


EPITAPH FOR A LADY OF MY ACQUAINTANCE

BY SAMUEL YELLEN

This clay, even as it molders,
Draws back from the grave's cold lust,
To keep from rubbing shoulders
With the common dust.

THE LIBRARY



THE CASE OF JOHN STEINBECK

by **BEN RAY REDMAN**

THE price of a popular reputation is the cost of maintaining it. The eminent philanthropist must go on giving, the adored ballerina cannot afford to stumble, the notorious bandit dares not relax into respectability, and the successful novelist must go on succeeding. For my own part, I have never seen why it should be assumed that because a man has written one or more good books he ought to be capable of turning out good books to the end of his days: this author will find three volumes exhausting, while that author will remain a reservoir after twenty. But the assumption is common, and most writers who have scored a single success try to live up to it.

Economic pressure plays its part, of course, for men must live, and if they are writers pure and simple they

must live by writing. The fortunate and free are those who are paid in money and popularity for what they really wish to say: the bound and unfortunate are those who must contrive to say what will bring in payment. But the line cannot be drawn too neatly, for an author may belong to both classes at different periods of his literary life, and, at certain moments, it may even be impossible for his contemporaries to assign him accurately to one class or the other.

By constant exercise of his auctorial muscles, many a fiction writer learns the trade that underlies his art, and such knowledge enables him to produce passable imitations of his own best work. But whether or not the limitations are passable to keen eyes, he goes on producing. The popular story-teller whose output is strictly limited by critical intelligence is a rarity; the one who finally puts down his pen, while he can still hold it, is a freak.

Even the most serious and con-

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scientious of writers may be fully aware of the pitfalls awaiting the author of successful fiction, and still be unable to avoid them. This brings us to our present subject: John Steinbeck. From the revealing letters quoted by Lewis Gannett in his introduction to *The Portable Steinbeck*, I should like to extract, in turn, two passages. The first was written by the author of *Tortilla Flat*, shortly following its success.

I am scared to death of popularity. It has ruined everyone I know. That's one of the reasons why I should like *In Dubious Battle* printed next. Myths form early, and I want no tag of humorist pinned on me, nor any other kind.

The second quotation is from a letter in which Steinbeck explains to his agents and publisher why he is unwilling to permit the publication of a book that has been written and announced.

I know that I promised this book to you, and that I am breaking a promise in withholding it. But I had got smart and cagey, you see. I had forgotten that I hadn't learned to write books, that I will never learn to write them. A book must be a life that lives all of itself and this one doesn't do that. You can't write a book. It isn't that simple. The process is more painful than that. And this book is fairly clever, has skillful passages, but tricks and jokes. Sometimes, I, the writer, seem a hell of a smart guy — just twisting this people out of shape. But the hell with it. I beat poverty for a good many years and I'll be damned if I'll go down at the first little whiff of success.

These few sentences tell us a good deal about John Steinbeck as writer,

and what they tell is admirable. Integrity, determination, humility, intelligence, courage — all are there. Yet in the decade that has passed since these words were uttered the feared popularity has assumed truly formidable proportions, critics have come to speak of "the Steinbeck vein," and Steinbeck himself has demonstrated conclusively that he has "learned to write books" in precisely the way that he was sure he would "never learn to write them."

Just when the demonstration began, and just what books are involved in it, every critical reader must decide for himself. I should point to *The Moon Is Down*, because it seems to me, however strong the convictions behind it, to have been manufactured for an "occasion" and an extraliterary purpose; to *Cannery Row*, because the author overworks, rather than merely works, his private vein; and to *The Wayward Bus* [\$2.75, Viking], for reasons that will follow.

II

In this latest novel, or "prose fiction of a certain length," Steinbeck has employed the familiar and proved device of using chance to crowd together a number of heterogeneous characters within a narrow physical compass, to the end that their natures, actions, and interactions may serve conveniently as the stuff of fiction. We have seen characters fortuitously grouped after this fashion in hotels, cellars, railway trains, inns, hill resorts, overnight cabins, city blocks,

army squads, luxury liners and other serviceable containers. Steinbeck makes use of a bus station and a bus, located on the patch of earth's surface he knows best: central California.

At a crossroad called Rebel Corners, Juan Chicoy and his wife Alice run the station, which includes garage and lunchroom, while Juan drives the bus which links two great north-south highways, an inland and a coastal route served by Greyhound giants. From Rebel Corners the road winds nearly fifty miles, crossing the San Isidro River twice.

Juan is assisted by a youth whose remarkably repulsive complexion has fixed on him the nickname of Pimples. Alice is helped in the lunchroom by Norma, one of a succession of gawky girls. To this resident cast of characters, the author adds six travelers: Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard and their daughter Mildred, a salesman named Ernest Horton, an old curmudgeon named Van Brunt, and a blonde young woman who calls herself Camille Oaks.

Five of these, when we meet them, have been forced by the breakdown of Juan's bus to spend an uncomfortable night at Rebel Corners, where they are joined later by Camille. All are anxious, for various reasons, to reach San Juan de la Cruz, and when the shuttle bus finally starts, after rain has swelled the San Isidro to flood proportions, they are accompanied by Pimples, who is allowed to go along for the ride, and by Norma, who is quitting her job. Only Alice

stays behind, to look after the station. The question which confronts travelers and reader is: Will the bus be able to get through in the face of a torrent that may have washed out one of the San Isidro bridges? As it happens, the first of the bridges is unsafe; Juan essays a twelve-mile detour over an abandoned road; and it is during this detour that Steinbeck's characters complete their performances of self-revelation.

It also happens that we know a good deal about these men and women even before we see them in action, for each of them, with the exception of Van Brunt, is introduced in a biographical sketch, rich in more or less vital statistics.

Juan Chicoy, part Mexican, part Irish, is the unspoiled son of earth, the uncorrupted man; a type dear to his historian. At perhaps fifty, he is strong, dark and handsome, with a wife who is "insanely in love with him and a little afraid of him too," because he is "a man" and "there aren't very many of them in the world, as everyone finds out sooner or later." When he is tempted to walk away from his job, he begins to do so; but he walks back again. The moral would seem to be that men who are really men do not walk away.

Juan finds Alice merely convenient, and besides she is the only woman he has ever met outside Mexico who knows how to cook beans. He, on the other hand, is her existence. Beginning to age and sag, and fearful of losing him along with youth, she finds

comfort in bouts of blind drunkenness; but perhaps it is not only this fear which makes her drink. The novelist suggests obscure tensions, and to the reader they remain obscure. Whatever these tensions, Alice functions on a level of primitive passions.

Pimples is a creature of two urges: an itching desire to satisfy his adolescent lust, and an even more intense desire to clear up his pustular skin. The latter is a cruel cross, of which he is never unaware, and when Juan is persuaded to call him Kit, the youth is transformed, just as some men become heroes when given stripes or bars. His fellow wage slave, Norma, with "reddening eyes and a head cold," inhabits a dream world in which she loves only Clark Gable, forsaking all others, with a passion that runs to twelve-page letters. She has the mind of a backward child.

Mr. Pritchard, president of a small corporation, is a typical Steinbeck business man, which means that he verges on caricature. We have met his like before, riding in big cars through *The Grapes of Wrath*, along Highway 66; but here the type is given a more thorough treatment, and is made to appear as contemptible as possible. Indeed, the author writes quite a little essay on Mr. Pritchard. His wife, in contrast, while drawn no less savagely, is drawn with surer strokes. Physically and intellectually sluggish, emotionally infantile, and handicapped (or, as she may think, blessed) by a certain sexual disability,

she has remained her husband's "little girl." Yet she is in her way "a powerful woman," and it is she who has launched the family on a trip to Mexico. ("The truth was that she didn't want to go to Mexico. She just wanted to come back to her friends having been to Mexico. Her husband didn't want to go at all.") We are also told that she suffers from constipation and an acid condition.

III

The Wayward Bus, as every reader will note for himself, is remarkably full of such physical and physiological details. For example, Steinbeck lavishes a really astonishing amount of skill and patience on descriptions of the pustules, during all stages of their development, which make Pimples' life miserable. In the case of Mildred, however, the specifications are more agreeable.

Mildred, who is somewhat collegiate and tentatively intellectual, is a "fine girl" with slender ankles and sturdy legs, thighs and buttocks that are "hard and straight and smooth from much exercise," and breasts that are "large and firm and wide at the base." Not having "inherited her mother's physiological accident," she has "experienced two consummated love affairs which gave her great satisfaction and a steady longing for a relationship which would be constant."

Ernest Horton, salesman, has "a kind of shy confidence in his manner and a wincing quality in his face, as

though he protected himself from insult with studied techniques." Funny gadgets, including the "little Wonder Artificial Sore Foot," are his stock in trade; but his lapel carries a small insignia which only one of his chance companions recognizes, without naming it aloud, as a replica of the Congressional Medal of Honor ribbon. Steinbeck does not name it either, preferring to enjoy his irony as quietly as possible. Ernest is "the little man" incarnate: a creature obviously much prized by nations in wartime. In peacetime, he sells his absurd gadgets while fumbling his way towards a social philosophy.

Camille, too, is an incarnation. Sex is her substance. Not for herself, but for others. She "just puts it out in the air." Men's eyes follow her wherever she walks, and desire flares in her wake. Men fight "like terriers" over her. She would like to be a nice woman in a nice house, with two nice children, and a stairway to stand on in a lovely dress. But she knows that she never will be, so she makes a living by taking off her clothes at stag parties: the kind of parties enjoyed by hundreds of Mr. Pritchards.

As for old Van Brunt, he is sick, suspicious, superstitious, disagreeable, fearful, a prophet of doom, and a reactionary.

Here, then, are the characters who have been thrown together, described, and set in motion by Steinbeck. They are neither very interesting nor attractive, but novelists have worked wonderfully well with unpromising

human material before now. And surely no one can complain that *The Wayward Bus* lacks incident. There is the journey itself, and plenty besides. Each of the males lusts in his own fashion after one or more of the females. There is quarreling and bad feeling, friendliness and good humor, disunity and unity. Juan and Mildred satisfy each other in a barn. Mr. Pritchard outrages his wife in more than one sense of the word. Alice stars in a solitary drunk scene, to which Steinbeck devotes considerable pains. Pimples blossoms under the name of Kit. Norma is taught how to make up, and given glimpses of a new and wonderful life, by Camille. Van Brunt suffers a stroke, almost certainly fatal. Juan deliberately mires the bus, and then labors to put it back on the road. And Ernest and Camille? The first plays his role of little man with appealing consistency, while the second remains herself, deftly fending in a wolfish world.

Enough happens, and it is all professionally managed. The author strains his pattern when he travels to San Isidro to introduce Camille (the anecdote of the lost wallet is notably extraneous), and again when he takes his readers, ahead of his principal characters, to the store by the bridge. But the novel's structure is for the most part neat and tight, and its texture even. Steinbeck's ear for dialogue serves him well, as does his ability to make the changing California countryside come alive with brief descriptive strokes. His humor

does not desert him, and he remains master of the incisive phrase. Yet my own record of reading this novel is one of declining rather than mounting interest; of progressive disappointment. Why?

To begin with, there are contrivances and minor jars which bring one up short. The presence of the Pritchards in the situation in which we find them is hard to accept. Had they chosen to travel by bus in the first place — the author is self-conscious in his effort to justify the action — they, being Pritchards, would certainly not have spent the night in the Chicoys' beds when Juan's vehicle failed them. They would have telephoned for a car, as Juan himself says they could have done. No less contrived, it seems to me, is the affair of Juan and Mildred in the barn. The author was determined to bring it about, and did so regardless of probability. Even worse is the incident of the connubial rape. In the given circumstances, no Mr. Pritchard could possibly behave towards a Mrs. Pritchard as we are assured this specimen of the tribe behaved.

As for minor jars, no successful business man could for a moment take seriously Ernest's idea of transforming a dark business suit into a tuxedo by the application of "slip-cover" silk lapels and "silk stripes that just snap on the pants." It is a burlesque notion, and when Mr. Pritchard is made to discuss the financing of such an invention, with the suggestion that a big movie star

might be persuaded to endorse it, he is made for the time being into a burlesque character. Also, someone should tell him the facts of life about French cuffs. "Once you get the links in," he informs Ernest, "well, you've got to take them out before you can take off the shirt." This I contend, as one who has worn French cuffs for some thirty-five years, is one of the most surprising assertions in modern literature.

IV

But contrivances and jars might matter little, were there no major lack. What is missing, I think, is an element or condition which has been present in all of Steinbeck's successful books: the deep emotional involvement of the author with his characters — a sentimental involvement in which the writer, by virtue of his art, has known how to make his readers participate. Steinbeck can be a realist on occasion, certainly, and his realism is often bloody and raw; but, in the books that have won him favor, this realism is always at the service of sentimentality. We have only to recall, as examples, the death of the pony and the birth of the colt in *The Red Pony*. For the rest, the story of the boy Jody is a sustained assault on our tenderest emotions, and Steinbeck stabs the heart gently with his subsidiary characters; with the tale of old Gitano, and the figure of the grandfather who cannot stop himself telling from *ad nauseam* the story of the *Great Crossing*.

Such men as the paisanos of *Tortilla Flat* will not be found on the Monterey Peninsula or anywhere else on earth. They are the creations of a humorous sentimentalist who dearly loves his figures of earth, and who makes his readers love them despite his describing their history as a "second-rate book, written for relaxation." From a similar mould come Mac and the boys, and Doc, and the sentimentalized prostitutes of *Cannery Row*; though I, for one, do not like them as well as their predecessors. The humorist turns grim in such a story as *The Origin of Tularecito*, and leaves humor behind in such a tale as *Flight*, being content to identify himself sentimentally with his hero.

The Grapes of Wrath is saturated with sentiment. So is *Of Mice and Men*. In the first, we find this element operating on several levels: Grandpa's death; the first wonderful sight of the promised land, with Grandma dead in the back of the truck; Ma and Tom talking under the blackberry bushes; Mae selling nickel candy at two-for-a-penny to an Okie father for his little boys.

The second, with Lennie in the foreground, is no less heavily charged. The dream of the homeless men — a place of their own, with cow, pigs and rabbits — is made to yield the last drop of emotional juice; and George's shooting of Lennie is calculated to break our hearts. Even the little tramp is good for a sentimental flourish, once she is dead.

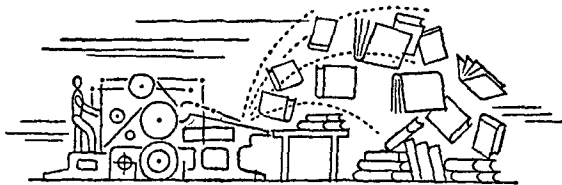
In Dubious Battle, although less successful than the books and stories I have mentioned, and despite its woodenness, is also shot through with sentiment.

In view of this survey, it seems plain to me that the great weakness of *The Wayward Bus* is that it holds no characters who enlist Steinbeck's full sympathy or who, consequently, engage his full powers. He likes and admires Juan, but without warmth. He is mildly compassionate towards Pimples and Norma. But the sentimental force which, according to the record, has animated all Steinbeck successes — this is lacking. And what is present does not fill its place. Not even if we take the hint given by the lines from *Everyman* which face the title page, and read the novel as a modern morality play or allegory concerned with mankind's present plight.

Then, indeed, we may make allowances for the author's manipulation of his characters, and for other deeds which would have to be set down as faults in realistic fiction; but, if *The Wayward Bus* is read as an allegory, fresh faults appear under scrutiny, for allegory is the most exacting form an author can essay, and one in which truly interesting successes are very rare indeed.

Objectivity and detachment can claim great literary triumphs — some of the greatest — but, until now at least, sentimental warmth and emotional involvement have best served John Steinbeck and his readers.

THE CHECK LIST



CRITICISM

ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, by Robert Schumann. \$3.75. *Pantheon*. This volume, edited by Konrad Wolff and translated by Paul Rosenfeld, probably contains the most important musical writings of the great romanticist. The editor claims that it is complete as far as Schumann's views of the great composers are concerned. It only remains to be said that the translation is very readable and the illustrations are excellent. The book is indispensable to every musicologist, professional or amateur.

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH NOVELISTS: DEFOE TO CONRAD, by Bruce McCullough. \$2.75. *Harper*. Dr. McCullough, who is professor of English at Washington Square College of New York University, has obviously done much reading in the realm of the English novel, and perhaps also a great deal of thinking, but as a critic he has little to offer that is fresh or stimulating. He is especially unenlightening in his treatment of Dickens and James, indeed of nearly all the men novelists. He is more successful in his treatment of the women novelists, particularly the Brontës, but even with them he does not seem to be altogether at home. There is a "selected reading list" of dubious value.

ESSAYS

FRENCH PERSONALITIES AND PROBLEMS, by D. W. Brogan. \$3.00. *Knopf*. This is a collection of essays on such people as De Gaulle, Proust, Daudet, Clemenceau, Darlan, and Jaurès, and on such problems as the reasons for France's collapse and the prospects of her future rôle in

the world. They all reveal an amazing knowledge of French culture, and, what is perhaps more important, they reveal a profound insight into the qualities of the French soul, both the heights and the depths. Special mention should perhaps be made of the chapters, "Proust as a Social Historian" and "Tocqueville."

REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR, *Second Series*, by Charles Morgan. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Most of these essays have appeared in the *London Times Literary Supplement*. They cover almost every conceivable subject — politics, religion, morals, sports, war, France, Germany, Paul Verlaine, and soldiers' writing. As was said in this place about Mr. Morgan's first series of essays, published three years ago, his comments on the passing scene are unique in contemporary English literature: they reveal a civilized man possessed of a pleasant style that, while amazingly readable, hides profound philosophical ideas. His chapter, "The Empty Pews," for example, dealing with the reasons why so many decent people, with religious beliefs, generally stay away from churches, reads almost like a conversational piece, yet it is filled with severe and deep criticisms of the clergy and of all "modernist" religions.

PHILOSOPHY

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY, by Herbert W. Schneider. \$4.50. *Columbia*. Dr. Schneider, who is professor of philosophy at Columbia, does not confine himself to the history of "pure" philosophy, but also takes in other subjects, because "political, economic, theological and metaphysical principles have been more closely associated in American thought than we

have hitherto been led to believe." Hence his book is somewhat unsatisfactory, for too many other subjects are dragged in that are "associated" with philosophy only by a very liberal interpretation of the word. However, Dr. Schneider has many shrewd things to say, and he writes with commendable clarity.

THE REDISCOVERY OF MORALS, by Henry C. Link. \$2.50. An *American Mercury Book*: Dutton. Dr. Link, whose two previous books, *The Rediscovery of Man* and *The Return to Religion*, are well known, here considers the causes of racial and economic conflicts in contemporary life. He thinks that a great deal of the blame is to be found in the fact that the basic moral code of Christianity is now so widely ignored. He condemns the "immoral" practices of some employers "in many years preceding," but he also speaks sharply of that philosophy which appeals "to the covetousness of the masses and to their feelings of envy and hatred for the rich." He is especially severe in his remarks on the way in which the churches of all faiths have practically resigned their old-time moral leadership. "The great and most immediate task of the churches is to resurrect and to reinterpret the universal morals of personal and social conduct."

HISTORY

THE BATTLE FOR LEYTE GULF, by C. Vann Woodward. \$4.00. *Macmillan*. This is the first full and detailed study of the famous battle for Leyte Gulf. Based on both American and Japanese sources, it presents both the physical facts of the battle and the more elusive psychological factors which affected its outcome. Mr. Woodward gives full consideration to statements made by Admiral Halsey in his written reports and to various bits of historical evidence brought out when Admiral Kurita was under cross-examination. For the first time also the story is told about the scouting activities and the attacks made by our submarines. All in all this is a competent job which should be of great value to future historians.

PEARL HARBOR, *The Story of the Secret War*, by George Morgenstern. \$3.00. *Davin-Adair*.

Mr. Morgenstern, who has been on the staff of the Chicago *Tribune* since 1939, says that "this book is intended to give the facts and examine the meaning of Pearl Harbor." Unfortunately both his facts and "meaning" are obtained from dubious sources. He has apparently obtained his "facts" largely from the minority reports of Senators Ferguson and Brewster of the Congressional Investigating Committee, and his "meaning" is pretty much the "meaning" preached by his newspaper. He charges that "President Roosevelt and his advisers . . . failed — with calculation — to keep the United States out of the war and to avoid a clash with Japan." He hints, or at least implies, that "Roosevelt and his advisers" dragged us into the war, for reasons which "are to this day obscure." There is a massive show of scholarship in the appendices, but not enough to hide the bias of the volume.

KILVERT'S DIARY, edited by William Plomer. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Robert Francis Kilvert, an obscure pastor of the Church of England, died in 1879 at the age of thirty-eight. What he did during his lifetime was of no great consequence and had he not kept a diary he would be unknown today. Discovered shortly before the war, Kilvert's journal was accorded an unusually cordial salute from the critics. The present volume represents a selection from the original twenty-two notebooks. They trace the author's journeys through Victoria's England. He visited the homes of the mighty and the humble; and his observations on the whole are interesting and intelligent. Though he is certainly not the literary genius some have acclaimed him, Kilvert does write with rare grace and at times with beauty.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON, with a preface by T. S. Eliot. \$2.75. *Scribners*. This is the first detailed account of one of the greatest atrocities of the war — the deportation and enslavement by the Soviet Union of about a million Poles. The deportations began soon after the Red Army occupied eastern Poland in September 1939, and they continued up to the German invasion in June 1941, after which the survivors were amnestied. The victims included men,

women and children of all ages: even infants were solemnly sentenced to exile as "counterrevolutionaries," "profiteers," etc. The importance of the book stems from the fact that the Poles were lumped together with Soviet prisoners, and thus the survivors were able to give the author of this volume (an anonymous Polish woman, who also had access to Polish government documents on the deportations) a comprehensive picture of conditions in the Soviet labor camps. In many ways this is one of the most important books on the Soviet Union that has ever appeared.

THE MEMOIRS OF DOCTOR FELIX KERSTEN, with an introduction by Konrad Heiden. \$3.50. *Doubleday*. Aside from Konrad Heiden's superb introductory essay on the Nazi leaders, this book is something of a joke. Dr. Kersten is a "practitioner of physiotherapy" who treated Himmler, Ley and several other Nazi leaders during the war years, and who, according to his own account, took no nonsense from any of them. He browbeat Himmler into releasing prisoners from the concentration camps, went around insulting the *Fuehrer* and generally behaved as the only decent man in Germany. He also claims to have been an intimate of Count Ciano, and to have treated him over an extended period, but a check with *The Ciano Diaries* reveals that the Count did not even know how to spell his name correctly. (Ciano refers to him scornfully as "Dr. Kesterer, the man . . . who cures everything by means of massage.")

USSR, *A Concise Handbook*, edited by Ernest J. Simmons. \$4.50. *Cornell*. This ponderous anthology contains just about everything the fellow-traveler will want to know about the Soviet Union, and nothing he will not want to know. The book consists of 27 essays (which were originally prepared for the *Encyclopedia Americana*) covering every major aspect of Soviet life except the forced labor system and related unmentionables. Mr. Simmons missed a good bet when he failed to sub-title the book, *A Treasury of Unconscious Humor*.

OF GUILT AND HOPE, by Martin Niemoeller. \$2.00. *Philosophical Library*. This strange little volume will not cast much illumination on the

Niemoeller controversy — which is concerned mainly with what the pastor did in the early years of Nazism — but it may shed a little light on the quality of the man's thinking. Its 79 pages are comprised of two long sermons, a letter Niemoeller wrote to his brother after the war, and the transcript of an interview with an American Army chaplain. He believes that all the Germans are "guilty," but that, except for the Nazi leaders, they should be forgiven, in accordance with the Christian spirit. There is no mention of his own early membership in the Nazi party, nor would the casual reader suspect that this deeply religious man has been a lifelong German nationalist who never placed any faith in democracy.

BIOGRAPHY

SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, edited by Walter Johnson. \$3.75. *Holt*. Mr. White admitted to Mr. Johnson that his best writing was probably not in his published works but in his letters. The reason, he said, "is that I write under no restraint in my letters." Here Mr. Johnson offers "the cream" of the letters White wrote in more than forty years of public life — roughly from 1899 to 1943. Each of the letters selected is prefaced by a helpful editorial note. The volume is truly a treasure house for anyone who wants to know something about the democratic process in America since the turn of the century. White comments upon nearly every public and private aspect of living — politics, of course, but also fiction writing, poetry, editing, family life, college education, love, prohibition, finance, the weather, foreign affairs and immortality. White said to Mr. Johnson on one occasion, "As you probably have decided after reading all of my letters, the Angel Gabriel is going to have a hell of a time deciding my case." But one thing Gabriel surely will admit: to wit, that White had a heart as big as his own state of Kansas. He knew people, he knew their miseries, both major and minor, he knew that no decent person can be at peace so long as poverty and disease are rampant, he never for an instant entertained the cruel philosophy that much poverty and disease are inevitable in the world, and great combinations of wealth always made him very suspicious as to their sources. The

shabby politicians of both parties, including especially his own Republican party, always distrusted him, and for very good reasons. He called John W. Bricker of Ohio "an honest Harding." He was infuriated when in 1943 Bricker was mentioned as the possible Republican nominee for the Presidency: "In the Presidency he would be a menace to the peace of the world."

THE SHOWMAN OF VANITY FAIR, *The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray*, by Lionel Stevenson. \$5.00. *Scribners*. There have been few more restless men in the history of English literature than Thackeray, few with more volatile tempers and with a greater desire to reach the status of "gentleman." When Thackeray finally reached that status — and could afford to abandon the drudgery of editing — he hardly knew what to do with his time. But he had already joined the immortals with his creation of Becky Sharp, and, from one point of view, it hardly mattered what he did afterward. Dr. Stevenson's life is not entirely inspired; it is rather plodding, and his criticism, in so far as he attempts any, is rather pointless, but he has managed to bring together, in his volume, about as much as is actually known about Thackeray, who did much to discourage the writing of future biographies. There are many illustrations by Thackeray himself.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD, by Alfred McKinley Terhune. \$5.00. *Yale*. This life of the translator of the *Rubáiyát* will probably be the standard one for many years to come. It is a model of research (which seems to have been most thorough and comprehensive), and it is written with admirable clarity, humor, and perspicacity. FitzGerald's celebrated translation was, of course, pretty much an original work, and hence placed him in the company of the great in the history of English poetry. As is well known, it was completely ignored, when first published, by the critics and the reading public, and was saved for posterity by "some unknown person" who picked it up in a second-hand store. Dr. Terhune tells the romance of this discovery in

great detail. Another chapter that stands out is that dealing with FitzGerald's fantastic marriage to a woman whom he called "the Elder" or "the Contemporary," and for whom he had only contempt and pity.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE WOMAN, by Buwei Yan Chao. \$3.75. *John Day*. This is the delightful story of an unusual life. Its author, the daughter of a distinguished Chinese family was brought up by an affectionate aunt and uncle, who raised her as a boy until she was thirteen. After the Revolution she went to Japan to study medicine and upon her return to China she founded a hospital for women. Her career, which seemed full of promise in medicine and social service, was cut short by romance. Married to a young Chinese scholar, she left her homeland for America where her husband continued his linguistic researches and eked out a living as an instructor at Harvard. There is nothing phony about the Chaos. They are real and their problems are real. Mrs. Chao writes simply, with a charm and humor that make it difficult to put her book down.

THE SCIENCES

WHAT IS HEART DISEASE?, by William Hyatt Gordon. \$2.50. *Grune & Stratton*. The subtitle of this book is "A Handbook for the Heart Patient." As such it is excellent, simply and clearly written, with illustrations that really illustrate. At the end are sample diet lists.

THE PATH OF SCIENCE, by C. E. Kenneth Mees. \$3.00. *Wiley*. This book is an expansion of a lecture series by the author at the University of California. It reviews briefly the development of science, the social factors that influenced its evolution, and discusses the impact on human society of scientific progress. The distinction between science and technology is made clear for the reader, and the error of synonymy between the two — an error frequently committed but rarely rectified — is set right. The growth of ideas in physics, chemistry and biology is treated in an absorbing style.

THE OPEN FORUM



MAJOR SEVERSKY IS AWARDED MEDAL FOR MERIT

All those who labored to impress upon the War Department and upon the American people the prime importance of air power in the successful prosecution of World War II may take justifiable pride in the award of the Medal for Merit to Major Alexander P. de Seversky by President Truman on December 18, 1946. It was a long-deserved recognition, in the President's words, of his "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the United States."

THE AMERICAN MERCURY takes special pride in that part of the Presidential citation which refers to Major Seversky's major contributions "to the formulation of a sound public opinion through the medium of his writings from September, 1939 to September, 1946." THE AMERICAN MERCURY was the first national periodical to open its pages to Major Seversky. It gave continuous support to his ideas, and it offered him every editorial means at its command to bring these ideas to the attention of our war leaders and the public in general. Indeed, it was the articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY that formed the basis of Major Seversky's celebrated book, *Victory through Air Power*.

The full text of President Truman's citation follows:

CITATION TO ACCOMPANY THE AWARD OF
THE MEDAL FOR MERIT
TO
ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY, for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the United States. Mr. de Seversky, as Special Consultant to the Secretary of War, served as adviser on air matters and contributed to the formulation of a sound public opinion through the medium of his writings from

September, 1939 to September, 1946. During this time he drew on his wealth of aeronautical knowledge, his shrewd analysis of trends and his remarkable ability as an observer to bring to the Secretary of War information of the greatest value in the conduct of the air war. He also devoted himself to presenting to the public an appeal for support of a vigorous air arm which ultimately made an inestimable contribution to the final victory. Mr. de Seversky's aerial knowledge, his singleness of purpose, and his aggressive presentation of the beliefs he entertained were of great assistance in the successful prosecution of the war.

HARRY TRUMAN

The White House
December 18, 1946

UNRRA'S RECORD IN YUGOSLAVIA

SIR: I have read "How UNRRA Bolstered Tito" [by Eric L. Pridonoff in THE AMERICAN MERCURY of January 1947] carefully and find it so full of inaccuracies as to give a distorted picture of UNRRA's rôle in Yugoslavia. UNRRA does not question the right of any writer to hold his own political views on any subject. However, UNRRA does protest against being used as a weapon for a political attack through publications of untruths about its operation.

Because the article is a reflection upon the integrity of an international organization of forty-eight nations, including the United States, I feel it my duty to call your attention to some of the untrue statements and other statements which, even though based on fact, tell only a small part of the truth with the result that the omission of pertinent information gives a wrong impression to the reader.

(1.) In Paragraph 1 of Section I, Mr. Pri-

donoff states that "Marshal Tito obtained it (the material to build up and equip an army of 750,000, plus more than 100,000 secret service police) through UNRRA." Again, in Paragraph 3 of Section IV, Mr. Pridonoff writes: "There can be no doubt that the whole of the Yugoslav army and air force was maintained on our supplies." The fact is that, in accordance with the resolutions of its Council, UNRRA's shipments are restricted to food, clothing, medicines and medical equipment and material to assist the agricultural and industrial rehabilitation of the receiving countries — plows, fertilizers, seeds, trucks, shelter materials, etc.

(2.) In the first sentence of Paragraph 1, Section II, Mr. Pridonoff says that the United States' contribution to Yugoslavia was 73 per cent and that the Soviet Union has contributed nothing more than administrative personnel. The inference is that the USSR has been avoiding an obligation. However, by the terms of the UNRRA Council Resolutions, those nations which were invaded during the war are not called upon to contribute to operating expenses. It is true that the Soviet Union makes no such operating contribution. Neither do Belgium, Denmark, France, the Netherlands, Norway nor any of the countries receiving UNRRA assistance. These countries do contribute to the administrative expenses. So does the Soviet Union whose allocation of \$3,046,000 has been paid in full.

(3.) In Section III, Mr. Pridonoff states: "Several of the decent and able UNRRA officials resigned in disgust, but as quickly as they stepped out Colonel Sergeichik replaced them with Russians. According to the most recent information I have, of the top thirteen representatives of UNRRA in Yugoslavia, 9 are Russians. They hold the key positions in the transportation and distribution of UNRRA supplies." I am frankly curious as to where Mr. Pridonoff got his information. Certainly his information is bad. Of the sixteen top officials at the UNRRA mission in Yugoslavia, only one, the Chief of the Mission, is a Russian. Of the other fifteen key officials, seven are citizens of the United States, five are citizens of the United Kingdom, two are citizens of Canada and one a citizen of Costa Rica.

(4.) Mr. Pridonoff states that Tito's government has refused to permit UNRRA inspectors to check on the textile factories, rebuilt or repaired by UNRRA-donated equipment, and he refers to a statement alleged to have been made by a "responsible UNRRA official" who is quoted as saying, "They would not let me visit the factory, but I found a way to get in. And,

as has been reported, I found the mills were producing only military cloth." The fact is that practically no repairs and no rebuilding of textile factories has been done in Yugoslavia by UNRRA which has not furnished reconstruction supplies. Also it is a fact that UNRRA observers have been given free access to inspect Yugoslavia's textile mills and have found no evidence of any material coming out of those mills being used for military purposes.

(5.) Again in Section III, Mr. Pridonoff reveals his lack of understanding of how UNRRA operates a supply program in any receiving country when he says, "No requests from Tito or his subordinates was ever to be questioned." UNRRA's supply program to every receiving country must receive the express approval of the UNRRA Central Committee composed of representatives of nine nations, including the United States. In addition, in UNRRA's European Regional Office, London, and at UNRRA Headquarters, Washington, every item of the Yugoslav supply program and every other country program is scrutinized and rescrutinized.

(6.) In Section IV, Mr. Pridonoff says that the 12,000 trucks which UNRRA gave to Yugoslavia have, in the main, been diverted from civilian use to that of moving supplies and soldiers of Tito's army about the country. "Many trucks," he says, "were attached to the army and functioned for it exclusively." That charge is as untrue as most of Mr. Pridonoff's statements. In October a Special Commission consisting of Colonel A. G. Katzin (South Africa), C. Hart Schaaf (USA), Commander M. J. Burnay (France), was appointed by my predecessor F. H. LaGuardia to go to Yugoslavia and make a survey of the UNRRA relief program. On the subject of trucks the Commission, after its investigation, made this report: "From time to time UNRRA regional directors have reported that vehicles thought to be of UNRRA origin had been seen in military use. Such reports have been brought to the notice of the government as they arose and explanations requested. Reported instances have involved less than 200 vehicles out of over 12,000 delivered to Yugoslavia for relief purposes. In this connection the commission has taken note of the fact that many thousands of vehicles of similar type to those supplied by UNRRA had previously been supplied to the Yugoslav Army by lend-lease from the United States and by transfer from the Allied Armies. It is not impossible, therefore, that Army vehicles could be mistaken for UNRRA vehicles which were of the same type."

(7.) In Section IV, Mr. Pridonoff makes the charge that "Unless the citizen was of the proper political color, he or she was refused any UNRRA medical supplies by the government clinics." That statement is refuted by facts obtained in a survey made by a Distribution Control Unit of UNRRA, which conducted an investigation supplemental to that of the Special Commission. The investigation took the Unit not only to the major cities but to smaller towns and villages in every part of Yugoslavia. Members of the Unit talked not only with State and local officials but with large numbers of the people, including the families of men who had fled the country or had been arrested; and then reported: "UNRRA supplies have been used as was intended for relief and rehabilitation of the whole of Yugoslavia without discrimination on racial, religious or political grounds and with ample provisions for the poor to receive their equitable share notwithstanding their lack of purchasing power."

(8.) In Section V, Mr. Pridonoff makes the statement that "Many Americans believe that UNRRA supplies were given free to the people of the devastated countries. Such was hardly the case. UNRRA permitted and endorsed the practice of selling these supplies to the people." It is a matter of common knowledge that a great portion of UNRRA supplies are sold to the people of the receiving countries who use the money obtained from the sales for further relief and rehabilitation. Articles making this policy perfectly clear have appeared from time to time in the American press. People who have the money to buy are expected to buy in order that relief may reach as far as possible. Whenever there have been protests concerning the high price of an UNRRA item in any country, the matter has been taken up immediately with the government.

I have gone to considerable length to point out some of the most glaring inaccuracies in Mr. Pridonoff's statement which, I feel, has cast reflection upon the operations of an organization made up of representatives of the governments of forty-eight nations. I hope that you will be able to print this reply to correct some of the wrong impressions it may have created.

LOWELL W. ROOKS

Director General, UNRRA

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Mr. Rooks' questioning of my veracity is somehow anti-climactic: the same charge has been made many times by the Communist press since my return from Europe.

In no sense whatever could my revelations of

Yugoslavia's abuse of UNRRA's relief goods be interpreted as "a political attack," as Mr. Rooks terms it. I defy anyone to quote any portion of my article which suggests that any one political or economic theory is preferable to any other. It reveals instead only what facts I myself saw, or was told by reliable persons in a position to know, while in Yugoslavia for over a year. What I saw and reported was that UNRRA goods were not being used as intended by those who were footing the major portion of the bill. Of course, the article may have political repercussions in America, the ultimate result of which might conceivably affect even Tito's career. But it was not in any sense a political attack.

Nor can my piece, in any sense whatever, be considered a reflection upon the "integrity" of the group as a whole, although Russia did benefit indirectly, both politically and economically, from improper and inefficient functioning of a mission wherein her representative held the chief position.

As to Mr. Rooks' point-by-point attempts at refutation:

(1.) It is a fact, as Mr. Rooks avers, that UNRRA shipments were "restricted to food, clothing, medicine," etc., and "material to assist" (which included nearly every type of equipment) as provided by the resolutions of the Council; but this fact in no way refutes my statement. These shipments were not used by Tito as those who gave them intended, but were instead used to bolster the army and government, as I claimed in my original article. It is a matter of record that Tito refused entry to UNRRA until his conditions had been complied with.

(2.) It is a fact that Russia was, as alleged by Mr. Rooks, exempted from making any contribution. This only substantiates my claim that, *without giving anything*, Russia was able, in Yugoslavia at least, to control the distribution of all that was given by the other members of UNRRA. And this is the most important fact about the entire UNRRA program in Yugoslavia.

(3.) Concerning the number of Soviet nationals within the Yugoslav UNRRA Mission, Mr. Rooks chooses to quibble over the meaning of the word "top" as applied to the key position holders under Col. Sergeichik. Actually, the Colonel brought his Russian deputies to the post with him, and as Americans and others resigned because of the conditions which my article described, he filled these positions with Soviet nationals. Their official titles did not necessarily indicate the real influence and power which they had within the mission. Sergeichik and his Rus-



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sian staff worked as a smoothly functioning unit, with one purpose in mind.

(4.) As to the fabrication and distribution of cloth in Yugoslavia, consider Mr. Rooks' assertion that "*UNRRA observers* [the italics are mine] have been given free access to inspect Yugoslavia's textile mills and have found no evidence of any material coming out of those mills being used for military purposes." I believe that we should not allow much credit to favorable reports made by UNRRA's own employees. Especially, so when it is certain that Yugoslavia got textile fibers only through UNRRA; it is certain that her military was re-outfitted in new uniforms; and certain that the general citizenry got no new clothing whatever.

(5.) Even if we admit, as Mr. Rooks says, that "every item of the Yugoslav supply program . . . is scrutinized and rescrutinized" (in London and Washington), that admission would in no wise refute my general statement that "no request from Tito, or his subordinates, was ever to be questioned." There is no evidence brought out by Mr. Rooks that these requests were *not* always complied with. "Scrutinizing" does not connote "questioning" in the sense it is used here. And the important fact is that Mr. Rooks does not show, and there is no other evidence to show, that any requests of Tito were ever denied. Even though I suppose that there must have been some articles asked for by Tito which were not provided.

(6.) On the subject of Tito's diversion of UNRRA trucks to military use, Mr. Rooks again cites the findings of an UNRRA-conducted investigation, made this time by a "Special Commission" of UNRRA-appointed men. Self-investigation, I may remark, has always been considered a rather certain way of obtaining a desired report.

The findings of this survey, that the reported instances of diversion "have involved less than 200 vehicles," could not possibly be taken as a valid refutation of my own observation near Zagreb of a 400-truck convoy, all plainly marked UNRRA, and plainly in the use of Tito's army. How many more of the 12,000 American-built trucks given by UNRRA were actually used by Tito's army is not known. Certainly Mr. Rooks is in no position to know.

And if, as Mr. Rooks suggests, these "many thousands" of military trucks had already been given to Yugoslavia by America as lend-lease as army transfer, how does Mr. Rooks justify the giving of 12,000 additional vehicles to Tito? For giving them to Yugoslavia was *ipso facto* giving them to Tito.

(7.) Mr. Rooks takes me to task over what I

observed and reported as Tito's political dispensing of medical supplies, and here again we find the director-general citing the findings of yet another UNRRA-sponsored survey of UNRRA distribution. Would he have us believe that Tito is unaware of the power afforded by the complete control of drugs? Can we suppose that Tito would administer restoratives to opponents of his régime, when his government's announced policy has been the ferreting-out and liquidation of all dissidents?

(8.) As to UNRRA's endorsement of the practice of selling relief goods, which was the cause of the conditions described in Section V of my article, it is significant that, in this section, Mr. Rooks challenges only my opening statement that "Many Americans believe that UNRRA supplies were given free to the people. . . ." Exactly how many still have this belief would be rather difficult to determine. Yet doubtless a great many do continue to think that relief goods are by definition commodities for the needy, and are not materials for experiments in economic theory.

Mr. Rooks digresses from the subject to defend UNRRA's theory of how the sale of relief goods should work, although in my article I did not criticize this theory. I reported only what happened in practice.

ERIC D. FRIDONOFF

Los Angeles, Cal.

CONFIRMATION

STR: In his recent book, *This Is My Story*, Louis Budenz, former high Communist official, confirms from inside knowledge charges about Soviet espionage made over seven years ago in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* ["Stalin's American Passport Mill," July 1939] by the undersigned. The book identifies the mysterious man known as Robinson-Rubens and the disillusioned woman Communist, Juliet Stuart Poyntz, as interconnected Soviet spies; links an organizer of the assassination of Trotsky with an NKVD man using one of Robinson-Rubens' aliases (Richards); and states that Miss Poyntz was "liquidated."

The last charge was made some years ago before a Federal Grand Jury by Carlo Tresca who was later assassinated on Fifth Avenue. Neither the FBI nor the New York police have brought to book Tresca's killer, Poyntz's "liquidators," or any associates of Trotsky's murderer. And last year New York saw a new political murder — that of Republican Joseph Scottorriggio. It too remains unsolved.

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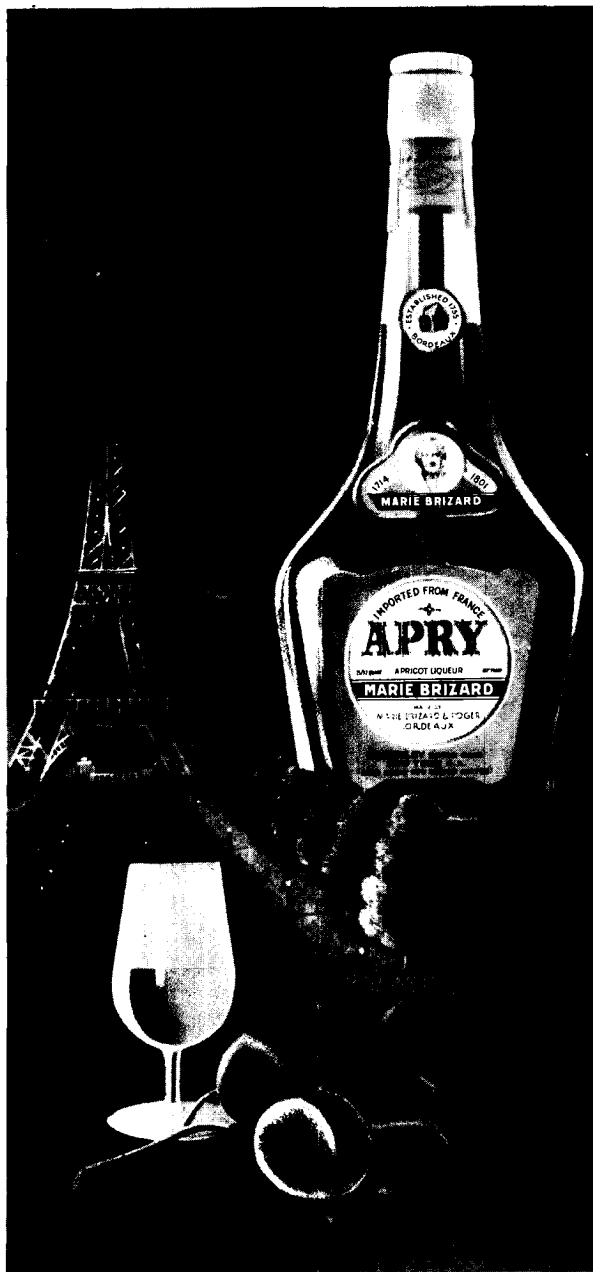
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